DOCTOR WHO™ MAGAZINE

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE
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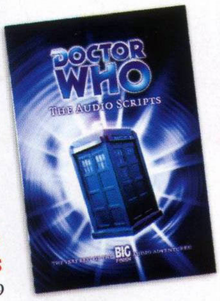
IN



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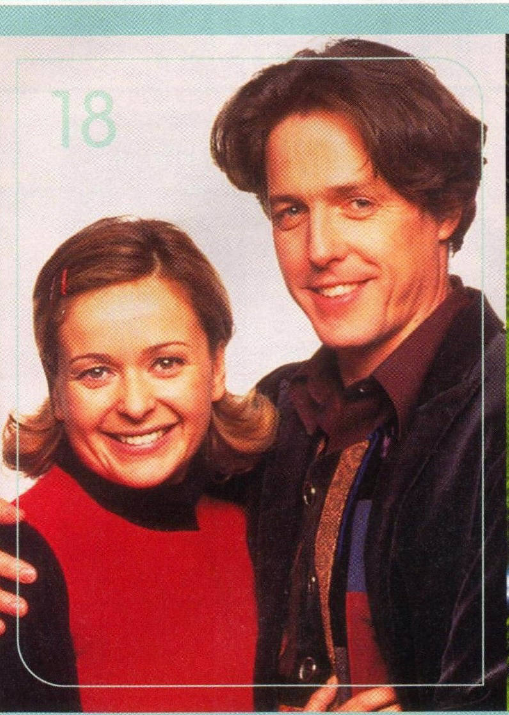
DWM 328

"THE UN-SELFCONSCIOUS PART OF ME REALLY ENJOYED IT"



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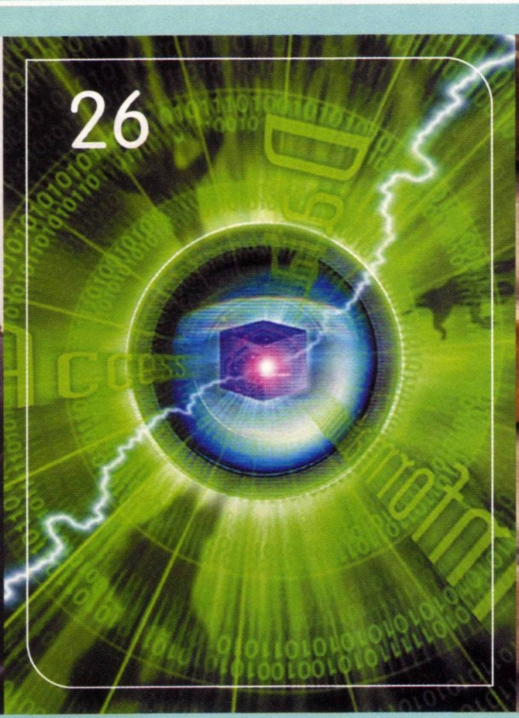

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DOCTOR WHO
1963-2003

THE FAN GENE
PART TWO: BORN TO LOVE YOU

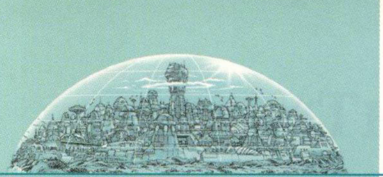
"I SAW PAUL McGANN ACROSS THE STUDIO AND MY BRAIN FROZE"

ANATOMY OF A FAN

THE TIME TEAM

AND YOU SAID...

"I think Morrissey should be the new Dr Who. He could sing mournfully to the monsters about Manchester in the 1970s."

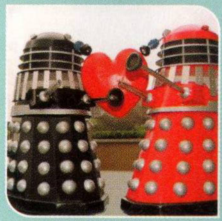


GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

OTHER NEWS...

THE LATE ZOLPHA-THURAN

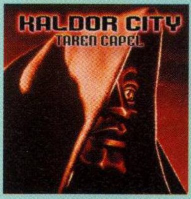
Cactus copycat caper on the move! The VHS release of *Meglos* (reviewed this issue) has inexplicably skipped forward in time to April 28. Reports of a chronic hysteresis are completely unfounded ... Reports of a chronic hysteresis are completely unfounded ... (repeat until bored).



DIDDY DALEKS

Mutant Mouldings, alias Daleksdirect Limited, have just announced the launch of their special edition half-size Dalek range for the 40th anniversary. Limited to a production run of 40, customers have a choice of three colours – silver/blue, black/silver and red/silver at the special price of £299 each.

ROBOTS RETURN



Mad robotics genius Taren Capel will be returning to Kaldor City this spring, as actor David Bailie reprises his role as the robophobic villain of *The Robots of Death* in the latest CD from Magic Bullet Productions. *Kaldor City: Taren Capel* by Alan Stevens will be the fourth story in the *Kaldor City* series, which again stars Paul Darrow, Russell Hunter, Scott Fredericks, this time joined by David Collings, Jasmine Breaks and Peter Miles. The new CD, directed by Alan Stevens with sound design by Alistair Lock is released on 15 March. Additional information, including full cast list, can be found on *www.kaldorcity.com*

REELTIME RE-RELEASE

Reeltime Pictures have announced the launch of their range of titles onto DVD. As of April, all new releases will be available on both VHS and DVD formats, starting with *Patrick Troughton in America* on 30 April. Reeltime will then begin remastering and re-releasing their back catalogue on DVD, with two productions on each disc, released monthly. The first will be *Myth Makers: Nicola Bryant with Graeme Harper* and will feature an introduction by Keith Barnfather and Nicholas Briggs. As a special offer for those wanting to rebuild their collection on DVD, the price of each re-release will be reduced from £15.99 to £10.99 for the first month.

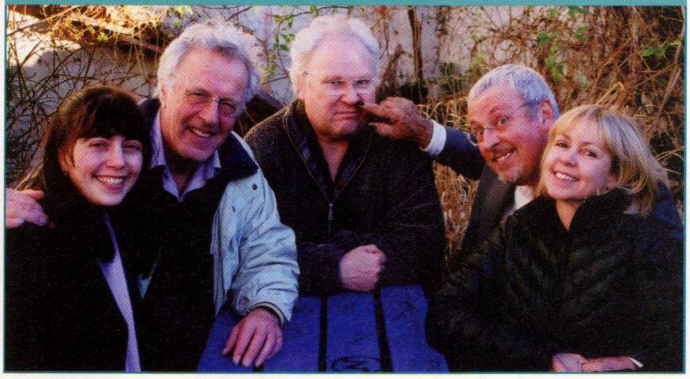
FUTURE FORMAT FOR **BBC RADIO** WHO!

SOUND OF THE FUTURE!

The future of *Doctor Who* is sounding bright as the BBC have included two classic *Who* stories among their first six releases in the new MP3-CD format. According to the BBC press release, "MP3-CD offers the same high-quality sound as standard CDs, using a fraction of the disc space. Digitally remastered for optimal sound quality, they are able to hold more tracks than a regular CD." *The Daleks' Master Plan* and a combined release of *The Abominable Snowmen* with *The Web of Fear* are kicking off the Doctor's foray into the new format in April, with all episodes contained on just one MP3-CD, alongside popular radio titles such as *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Dead Ringers* and *The Hobbit*.

Meanwhile, BBC Radio's regular CD 2003 release schedule continues with; *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear* – a collector's box of five CDs narrated by Frazer Hines, on June 2; a six-CD box set of Hartnell/Troughton historicals, comprising *The Myth Makers, The Massacre* and *The Highlanders*, narrated by Peter Purves and Frazer Hines on August 4; and also in August, *The Power of the Daleks* and *The Evil of the Daleks*, previously released on cassette in the early 1990s, will make a digitally-remastered return, in a specially-designed package, with newly-recorded narration by Anneke Wills and Frazer Hines respectively.

NEW FACES AND HAPPY RETURNS!



The Doctor's 40th anniversary audio exploits are hotting up, with Big Finish announcing an impressive line-up of guest stars old and new for their 2003 range. April sees former Goodie Bill Oddie jump aboard to belt out Gilbert & Sullivan numbers with Colin Baker and Maggie Stables in Jacqueline Rayner's nautical, musical extravaganza *Doctor Who and the Pirates*; August sees Peter Davision team up with 007 and Hammer Horror star Caroline Munro and *Knightmare*'s Hugo Myatt for the return of his anti-matter arch-enemy, played once again by Ian Collier, in Nev Fountain's *Omega*; Colin Baker and Terry Molloy, in their first rematch since *Revelation of the Daleks*, are joined by familar *Who* names Bernard Horsfall and Wendy Padbury for the September release of Lance Parkin's *Davros*. Big Finish have also announced that **DW**M poll-winner *The One Doctor* is one of the stories to be included in forthcoming book *Doctor Who – The Audio Scripts 2*.

SHADA ON SCHEDULE!

BBCi's hotly-anticipated *Shada* webcast, which sees the Eighth Doctor, Romana and K9 attend to some unfinished business in Cambridge, is scheduled *for* webcast – in six, 20-minute episodes, with flash animation by Lee Sullivan – starting on May 2. Look out for **DW**M 330, where we'll be taking an exclusive look behind the scenes and talking to the stars.

CONVENTIONS

Any *Who* fans told to "get out more" are currently spoilt for choice, with more conventions and events popping up to celebrate the Doctor's 40th in style.

Vortex Events are releasing further details of *Destiny*, taking place on 19-20 April at the Northampton Moathouse. In addition to their original guestlist which includes Colin Baker, Bonnie Langford, Nicholas Courtney and Anthony Ainley, *The Crusade* and *City of Death*'s Julian Glover and audio companion Erimen, alias Caroline Morris, will also attend. In addition to a the dealers hall, monster display and photo studio, Offstage Theatre Group will be performing their Terrance Dicks-meets-*Carry On* spoof *Déjà Vu Of The Doctors*. Details from *www.vortex-events.freeserve.co.uk*

Down To Earth sets sail on April 27 with the *River Boat Cruise III* from Thames side promenade in Caversham, Reading from 10am-5pm. Guests include Mark Strickson, Lisa Bowerman, India Fisher, Prentice Hancock (*Planet of Evil, The Ribos Operation*), Jeremy Young (*100,000 BC, Mission to the Unknown*) and Cynthia Grenville (*The Brain of Morbius*), special effects wizard Steve Cambden, *Kaldor City*'s Alan Stevens, **DW**M and Reeltime Pictures. Bookings can be made by sending cheques or postal orders payable to Mr F Cronogue (adults £35, children £20) with SAE and names of the person ordering tickets and attending, to: *Down To Earth Cruise III, 11 Cornfield Close, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB8 2BU*; or by credit card from Tenth Planet (020 8591 5357).

Dimensions 2003 (from the *Dimensions on Tyne* team) takes place on September 13-14 at The Swallow Hotel, Stockton on Tees. Guest confirmations include Nicola Bryant, Sophie Aldred and Nicholas Courtney. Unconfirmed guests include Sylvester McCoy, Mark Strickson, Terry Molloy and Louise Jameson. Memorabilia auction includes TV Movie TARDIS console and Special Weapons Dalek, and there will be a premiere of non-profit making video adventure *The Shawcraft Legacy*. Attendees will receive a free CD. Details from *www.dimensionson-tyne.com*. (All guests appear subject to work commitments.)

Next issue **DW**M hopes to have details of this year's biggest convention, the 40th anniversary *PanoptiCon* event.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

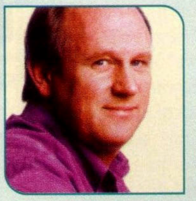
A ROUND-UP OF **DOCTOR WHO**'S APPEARANCES IN THE UK PRESS, COMPILED BY **HUW TURBERVILL**

DECEMBER

Jon Pertwee and Melvyn Bragg are the real deals, according to *The Independent on Sunday*'s Nicholas Lezard on December 1. Discussing Radio 4's *Start the Week*, Lezard said: "[Marr] is far too perky for Monday mornings; and just as Pertwee is the real *Doctor Who*, so Bragg is the real *Start the Week* man." ● Readers of **DWM** should be wary of provoking partners into divorce, according to James Brown of *The Sunday Times* on the same day. He warned: "If your house is crammed with football programmes, *Doctor Who* badges and unattached Hot Wheels track, then your wife will already know when she's leaving you." ● Two weeks later, the same paper has estate agents in its sights, and in particular their phrase, "Deceptively spacious". It warns: "Unless you're Doctor Who, this description is pretty well meaningless, but that has never stopped it being a favourite." Perhaps Tom Baker used it to Vic Reeves? According to *The Daily Star*, Reeves has brought a converted schoolhouse from Baker for £750,000 – because his fiancée can't stand where he lives now. ● *The Daily Telegraph* has a Christmas Eve interview with Sean Pertwee, who reveals that his dad was conservative in his fashion tastes. "When Sean was a teenage punk rocker, his father burnt all his designer bondage gear," it reveals. Presumably velvet smoking jackets would have been more acceptable ... ● *The Mirror* catches up with Baker's alter-ego, Jon Culshaw of *Dead Ringers*, on Boxing Day. Culshaw recalls the time he held forth with the Fourth Doctor. "I bumped into him coming out of a recording studio," he said, "He looked as if he had just stepped out of the TARDIS. He stood in front of me with his eyes and teeth flashing and said, 'They've just told me I'm not good enough and can you cover for me?' and then strode off with that maniacal laugh of his echoing down the corridor." ● *The Times* is among a number of papers to reveal that Doctor Who has been named the greatest sci-fi character in history on December 28.

JANUARY

The Independent's Conrad Leach struck a chord for those who crave *Doctor Who*'s return, on January 6. Describing Southampton's 4-0 FA Cup win over Tottenham, live on BBC1, he said: "The 5.45 Saturday afternoon kick-off was made for TV, and what followed for those Spurs fans who had stayed at home probably reminded them more of the fayre they used to watch at that time, *Doctor Who*. "If ever there was a time for followers of the men in white to hide behind the sofa and view the action through their fingers, this was it. As far as the Spurs defence in particular was concerned, this was the Daleks and the Cybermen coming at them all at once." ● *The Times* dismisses the claims of Michael Howard to the Tory leadership on January 8. He has "the demeanour of a *Doctor Who* baddie circa 1973," they claim. They could be referring to Omega, Drashigs, Daleks, giant maggots or Sontarans, but it's probably safe to say they have the Master in mind. ● *The Guardian*'s Merope Mills looks at how DIY has changed over the years on January 10. She says: "The best homes of 2015 will be the ones that resemble the sets of *Doctor Who*." ● Colin Baker tells the Hickey column in *The Daily Express* on January 13 how he was once stopped in the street. "It was an imperious lady in Hampstead demanding to know how she knew me," he explained. "As self-effacingly as I could, I suggested that she might have seen me on television. "I don't have one," she said dismissively. "Weren't you at my grandson's bar mitzvah?" ● *The Sunday Mirror*'s Louise Burke interviews Kevan Looseley, the owner of East Ham's Who Shop, on January 26, and he tells her how he drove a Dalek down the A3 in aid of a cot-death charity. He also chose the hymn, *Praise My Soul, The King Of Heaven* for his wedding because it includes the line, "Dwellers all in time and space".



● Peter Davison slams the Beeb in *The Daily Express* on January 24. He said: "I keep on hearing rumours that they're going to bring [the Doctor] back. The BBC were daft to axe him in the first place. There was no rhyme or reason for it, someone at the top just didn't like it and that was that. But they would have to spend a lot more money on it these days." He says he would like to return to the role on TV in 15 years to play a Hartnell-esque Doctor. ● Meanwhile, Rona Munro recalls *Survival* on January 26 to *The Independent on Sunday*. It was her first script for the BBC and she didn't know that it was the last story to be made in-house. "What a lousy ending," she said, ruefully. "The BBC were so determined to axe it. But you think, 'Oh God, if only we'd made it really special, maybe it would have been saved!'"

OUTSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Compiled by Dominic May

DETECTIVE DAVISON

With *The Last Detective* concluding its first run and shooting on Season Four of *At Home With the Braithwaites* in the can, **Peter Davison** is already embarking on his next project for ITV1. He has teamed up Niamh Cusack for the thriller *Too Good to be True*, in which he plays a man whose marriage has ended but remains on good terms with his ex-wife. Expect a further series of *The Last Detective* to be filmed later in the year and a one-off *At Home with the Braithwaites* special.

PAUL'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

Paul McGann stars opposite Big Finish's **Susannah Harker** in the première of Jean-Claude Carriere's *The Little Black Book* at London's Riverside Studios until 15 March. Ticket information can be obtained via 020 82371111 or from *www.riversidestudios.co.uk*.

COLIN MEETS COX

Colin Baker was a guest on Sara Cox's Channel 4 show *Born Sloppy* in January where he appeared in full *Doctor Who* regalia along with a TARDIS. After Easter, Colin and **Louise Jameson**'s tour of *Corpse!* continues at: Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford week commencing 21 April (01483 440000); Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne w/c 28 April (01323 412000); Grand Opera House, Belfast w/c 5 May (028 9024 1919); Opera House, Jersey w/c 12 May (01534 511100); Alhambra Theatre, Bradford w/c 19 May (01274 752000); Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury w/c 26 May (01227 787787); Swan, High Wycombe w/c 9 June (01494 512000); Theatre Royal, Nottingham w/c 16 June (01159 895555); Malvern Theatre w/c 23 June (01684 892277).

LADY O'MARA

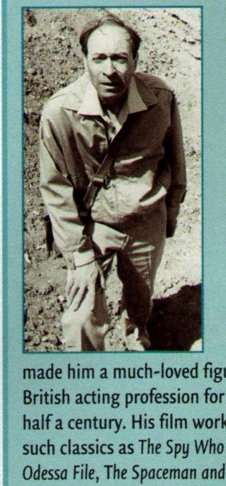
Kate O'Mara has been enjoying her latest role as Lady Alice Fox in ITV's latest attempt at reviving *Crossroads* with one exception. "The only thing was I was a bit worried about the cigar-smoking bit," she told *The Stage*. "I hate cigarettes and their smell and the effect that they have on one's health. There wasn't very much that I could do about it, so I chomped on the end of these rather fine objects and puffed away. As soon as the scene finished I went and scrubbed my teeth."

DID YOU MISS?

Bonnie Langford on *The All New Harry Hill Show*; the first episode of *The Royal* scripted by **John Flanagan** and **Andrew McCulloch**; **Rona Munro**'s *Iron* at London's Royal Court Theatre; Valeyard **Michael Jayston** as Jonathan in Radio 4's *No Commitments*; **Geoffrey Beevers** production of *The Beggar's Opera* at the Richmond Orange Tree Theatre and his appearance opposite **Susan Engel** in *A Passage to India* at the Riverside Studios.

OBITUARY: CYRIL SHAPS

Nicholas Pegg pays tribute to one of Doctor Who's best-loved guest stars.



Cyril Shaps, who sadly died on New Year's Day 2003 at the age of 79, was a noted character actor whose countless contributions to stage, screen and radio made him a much-loved figure in the British acting profession for more than half a century. His film work included such classics as *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *The Odessa File*, *The Spaceman and King Arthur*, *Erik the Viking* and 1994's Oscar-winning *The Madness of King George*, in which his comic cameo as Pepys, the fussy physician obsessed with the royal stools, brought him belated and deserved international acclaim. More recent film appearances included two major 2002 releases, *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Pianist*.

His radio roles included Petey in the legendary 1970 BBC production of Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* (repeated on Radio 4 last Christmas), but perhaps his most widely heard, if unacknowledged, vocal work was his stint as the voice of the "exceedingly good" Mr Kipling cake commercials. In addition to four memorable roles in *Doctor Who*, his many television credits included *Blackeyes*, *The Young Ones*, *Quatermass II*, *The Sweeney*, *The Liver Birds*, *Porridge*, *EastEnders*, *Jesus of Nazareth*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Murder Rooms*, *Dark Season* and a host of classic ITC serials, including *Department S*, *Jason King* and *Man In A Suitcase*.

Cyril Shaps' diminutive stature, weaselly features and nervous physicality meant that he specialised in playing petulant, cowardly or victimised characters, but he would always invest his cringing creations with an inner dignity and self-knowledge that ensured they were rounded, complicated, real people: Professor Viner in *The Tomb of the Cybermen* was all of these things, as was the doomed turncoat Dr Lennox in *The Ambassadors of Death*. As Professor Clegg, the unwilling clairvoyant tormented by his own psychic powers, he provided a suitably chilling prelude to Jon Pertwee's final adventure *Planet of the Spiders*. Shaps' final *Doctor Who* role, the Archimandrite in *The Androids of Tara*, allowed him to demonstrate a subtler side, his eyes narrowing as he traded sly one-liners with Peter Jeffrey's devious Count Grendel in a never-ending game of political cat and mouse. A consummate actor, Cyril Shaps will be very much missed by his many friends and admirers both inside and outside the profession.

EDITOR'S **LETTER**

Yes, yes, yes. I know *The Curse of Fatal Death* isn't a really real actual officially bona-fide *Doctor Who* adventure. And I know some of you are still reeling from the inclusion of *Dimensions in Time* in the *Archive* a few issues back. And I'm sure that several of you will think we're off our heads devoting eight pages of **DW**M to a ... a *sketch* of all things! But I make no apologies for this issue's Comic Relief-themed, behind-the-scenes wallow. Because *The Curse of Fatal Death* is, quite simply, brilliant. It is!

In 1999, I had yet to inherit the Coronet of Cefn Ridout and become the King of Dr Who's Comic (For Boys and Girls), so I didn't have my finger on the quivering pulse of fandom as I do now (vaguely). So to little old me, sitting down to watch this comedy extravaganza, the identity of the Doctors – apart from Rowan Atkinson's full-page-photo-in-*Radio Times* ninth incarnation – were a mystery. But even beyond my leaping out of my chair to yell "Hugh Grant! They got *Hugh Grant!*" (and then doing much the same five minutes later when Ms Lumley showed up), *The Curse of Fatal Death* gave me that old *Doctor Whoey* tingle that even the TV Movie, lovely though it was, had failed to recapture entirely.

I blame that Steven Moffat, myself. I know the man to be a genius because he created my second-favourite TV show of all time, the stunning *Press Gang* (oh, and could someone release that on DVD please? Thanks!), but managing to tread the fine line between mocking *Doctor Who* and writing what virtually amounted to a love-letter to the series, watched by ten million people, is surely deserving of deification? Come on – you can't tell me you weren't moved by Emma's tear-jerking "... far, far too silly" speech, or flabbergasted by what an excellent Master Jonathan Pryce made, or found your reservations about a female Doctor crumbling as Joanna Lumley stood up. Can you?

> "For one night only, The Curse of Fatal Death showcased Doctor Who at its very best!"

For one night only, *The Curse of Fatal Death* showcased *Doctor Who* at its very, very best – and helped raise millions of pounds for charity in the process. With this year's appeal just around the corner – and rumours of another *Doctor Who* item being planned (my money's on Mr Culshaw donning his Tom Baker scarf once more) – it seems a good time to think about digging deep and supporting the charity that gave us "the Sofa of Reasonable Comfort", "I'll explain later", and "it's got three settings!".

"Best *Doctor Who* story since *The Leisure Hive!*" announced one of my friends the day after *Curse* was broadcast. I'm a child of the eighties myself, but you know what? I couldn't find it in my heart to disagree ...

Clay

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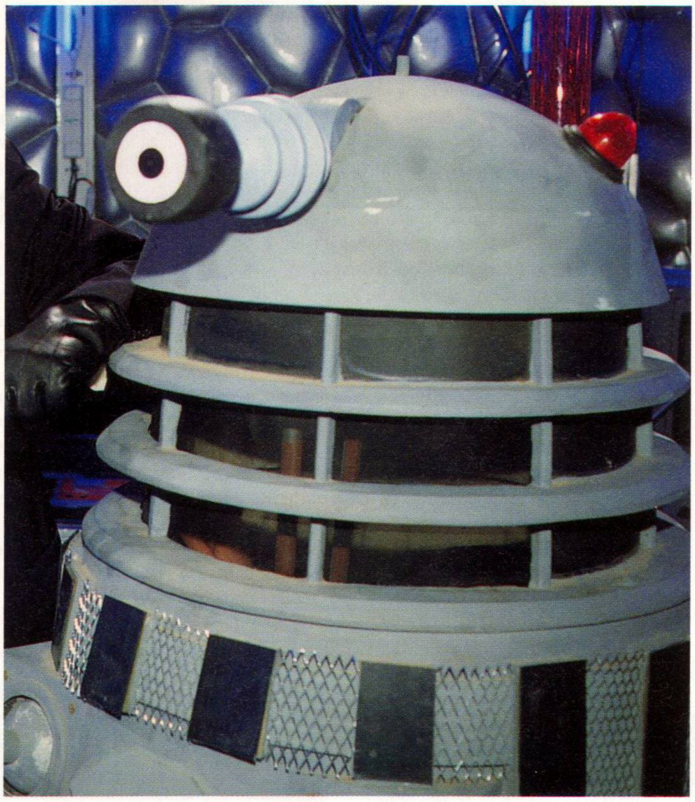


DESIGN OF THE TIMES

Predictably, we've had rather a gollop of comments in about our latest re-design ... unpredictably, they were almost all positive! Come on guys, you're supposed to hate it for a few months at least ...

Hearty congratulations to **DW**M on the stunning re-design – clean-cut, stylish and very easy on the eye. The return of 'Thrilling Adventures in Time and Space' on the front brought back happy memories! As a designer myself, I'm now proud to be seen reading it in public – I'll never disguise it inside an issue of *wallpaper** again ...

JIM HELMORE
VIA E-MAIL

I've just finished reading the new-and-improved, all-singing all-dancing (and probably low in cholesterol) **DW**M. At last – proof that fandom doesn't have to be stylistically-challenged (and how much do we love free stuff on the cover?) It knocks spots off most of the other film and TV magazines and has brought *Doctor Who* firmly into the twenty-first century. Now all we need is a new series to go with it!

AMANDA CLAYTON
VIA E-MAIL

I just wanted to say that I love the new-Look **DW**M – much needed, and a perfect start to *Doctor Who*'s 40th anniversary year!

GARRY HOLE
COVENTRY

DWM? What a stupid, aggravating piece of affectation that is! Change it back at once and stop being so silly.

PAUL STONE
VIA E-MAIL

Shan't!

Congratulations on the revamp of the layout and design of the mag – just what the Doctor ordered for his 40th birthday. By the way, in the 40th Anniversary Poll section, you should have listed the previous Hall of Fame winners, to prevent us voting for someone who's already in there. Any chance you could rectify this?

NIGEL SHEEN
VIA E-MAIL

The **DW**M Hall of Fame has only just been opened, so take your pick, Nigel.

FAN FARE

I have just read the first part of Gary Gillatt's article *The Fan Gene* [**DW**M

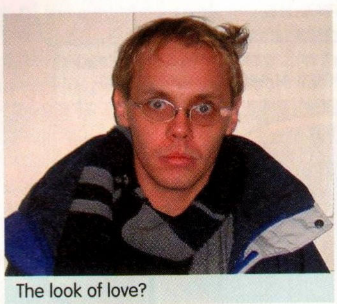
326] and simply had to write in, just to say how grateful I am to learn that I'm no longer alone in the way I feel about our favourite TV show. Gary's use of the famous *Frost Report* sketch accurately summed up the way I looked at myself and fandom, considering myself to be outside that realm of conventions and costumes, but looked down upon by my friends for having videos, DVDs and CDs sitting happily on my shelves. I've always seen myself in a party of one in that regard, and have actually loathed the fact that I wasn't ready to stand up and yell "I am a *Doctor Who* fan!" and not worry about opinion towards me. Not one of my friends has ever asked me why I love the show, as though I'm that crazy uncle you avoid discussing the war with; "Don't mention the 'you-know-what', he'll only try and get you to listen to those stupid stories again!"

So why am I a fan? Maybe I agree with the overall moral of the stories – no matter what, good will prevail. Maybe it's the desire to escape from the unethical, narrow-minded, bleak society I feel we live in. Maybe I just want to believe in magic, definable or not. I simply cannot explain it. But it doesn't really matter now, because I am proud to scream from the rooftops "I am a fan!"... and always will be.

FRANK VINCENT
VIA E-MAIL

On behalf of a fellow conventioneer, Nev, and myself I would like to thank Gary Gillatt for reminding us both of the moment when we too encountered the 'Justine Man' at an event several years ago. I can confirm that the book of names was prominently displayed at all times; that his obsession with the said name was as boundless as it seems to have been in 2002; and that the look of the Dark Lord Sauron was in his eyes when we dared to suggest that we thought Justine was a crap name anyway. The encounter is one we will always remember, particularly when we adjourn to the bar at any of the convention hotels after another day out there with fellow fans. We never saw the 'Justine Man' again but his visitation repeatedly makes us agree that some *Doctor Who* fans are just as fantastical and bizarre as the adventures we share with him. Thank you Gary for reminding us of that!

RICHARD STEVENS
VIA E-MAIL


The look of love?

Is it just me or does that photo of Gary dressed as a fan look kinda cute in a nerdy sort of way?

'MARTY'
VIA E-MAIL

It's just you.

LORD OF THE RING?

I note that Nick Briggs' 'definitive' rundown of Dalek voices [**DWM** 326] entirely omits their appearance in *The Curse of Fatal Death*. I am forced to conclude that he is talking out of his ring modulator.

STEVEN MOFFAT
VIA E-MAIL

Call it a hunch, but something tells us we haven't heard the end of this ...

BANG ON!

Pantomine season is with us again! Ridiculous characters, over-the-top performances, crazy storylines and incredibly bad jokes. *Bang-Bang-a-Boom!* was this year's star performance – and I loved every minute! Doctor Helena Russell, sorry, I mean Dr Eleanor Harcourt, was quite simply the funniest character ever to grace *Doctor Who*. Every time she spoke I imagined *Space: 1999*'s Barbara Bain – the impersonation was spot on. Very cruel, but very funny. Using the proper Seventh Doctor theme tune also seemed to add to the production immensely – I hope this continues on future releases. The greatest thing about the story though, alongside the fact that it brought a huge grin to my face, was that it would only need toning down ever-so-slightly to fit perfectly into Season Twenty-Four!

JON BUTLER
VIA E-MAIL

I've just listened to the first part of *Bang-Bang-a-Boom!* with a great goofy grin on my face. Was it the witty script? The excellent performances? The Terry Wogan impersonator? No, it was because it had the right theme music on it! I never thought I'd get nostalgic for Season Twenty-Four, but having the proper theme made *such* a difference! So please Big Finish, give each Doctor their appropriate theme! External appearances may not be important, but it's nice to get them right isn't it?

ANDREW WEBSTER
LEICESTER

We're told the 'proper' themes are here to stay. Even the Dominic Glynn one ...

INDELIBLE FACTS

I'm writing as the head of Indelible, the Liverpool DWAS Local Group. In his recent interview, Colin Baker told how a Liverpool Group had deeply upset him by printing offensive material about his son. I wish to make it clear that the group who made those comments, which we condemn in the strongest possible terms, is in no way connected with the group that exists today. We are proud that our conventions run in support of Colin's charity, the Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths.

MIKE HALL
VIA E-MAIL

BOBBIE DAZZLER!

The day after reading about the BBC winning the franchise rights to the police box in **DWM**, I happened to watch *Bargain Hunt*. Cunningly disguised as the Doctor (he was wearing a scarf) David Dickinson emerged from the TARDIS exclaiming: "I hope there are no Daleks about!". The BBC certainly didn't waste any time in exploiting their victory, and I thought David made a splendid Doctor!

JOHN RICHARDSON
VIA E-MAIL

TOM/PAUL IN?

I can't understand why you persist with using Paul McGann in the comic strip. Unless there is some contractual reason that prevents you from using the Fourth Doctor then this is a huge mistake. Tom Baker's version of the Time Lord was definitive – Paul McGann has made one very poor film and a number of audio dramas. Tom Baker gave us *Genesis of the Daleks*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *State of Decay* and many others classics, so why are you using McGann? I've been collecting **DWM** since 1979 so I think I know a little more about what fans want than you. Get your act together and sort it out.

G PHILLIPS
VIA E-MAIL

Tom, this has really got to stop ...

WE ALSO HEARD FROM ...

DAVID GRIFFITHS ("Please tell The Watcher that the video for Squeeze's 1993 single *Some Fantastic Place* was shot at Leeds Castle in Kent – better known as the home of *The Androids Of Tara*."); **CRAIG PRICE** ("Just been watching *The Masque of Mandragora* and I was really impressed by the star-jumping brother who runs out of the catacombs to take on the Count's henchmen. Any plans to release an exercise video at some point?"); and many more ...

POLICE
TELEPHONE

COMING IN DWM 329

THE GAME'S UP!

Spoons and chess or fancy dress – just what is the Doctor playing at? Gareth Roberts finds out as Doctors Seven and Eight play for time in the final part of **Guess Who?**

IT'S ALIVE!
SEE! the Doctor land in a galactic graveyard! FEEL! the heat of the Sacred Flame! GASP! as mad scientist Andrew Pixley throws the Archive lever and brings **The Brain of Morbius** back to life!

PLAYING UNDEAD!
DWM ventures into Voga, Vocs and vivification as David Collings relives his hat-trick in **Who** and his forthcoming return to Kaldor City.

TIME GENTLEMEN!
The Doctor drowns his sorrows in a one-off comic strip special **Where Nobody Knows Your Name**. Haven't you lot got homes to go to?

PLUS
The Time Team face ghosts and guerillas in **Day of the Daleks**! A bumper helping of **DWM Reviews**! More online antics in **The Web Planet**! The Watcher gets psychic! Previews of **Doctor Who and the Pirates**, **Wonderland** and **Reckless Engineering**! Plus the latest news and your views!

That's **DWM** 329, on sale **3 April** from WHSmith and all good newsagents!

COMING **UP...**

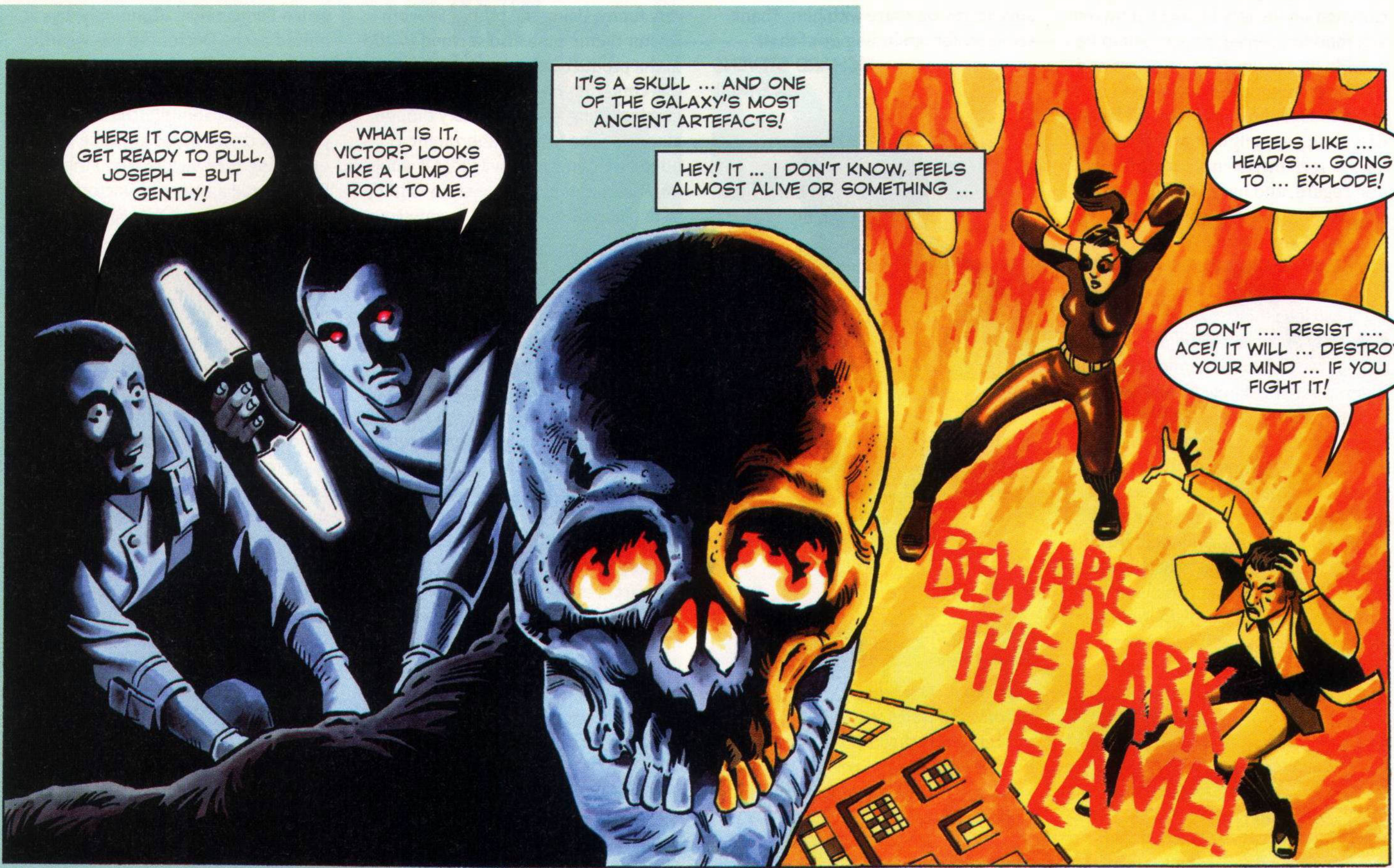
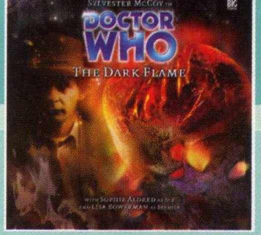

HERE IT COMES... GET READY TO PULL, JOSEPH — BUT GENTLY!
WHAT IS IT, VICTOR? LOOKS LIKE A LUMP OF ROCK TO ME.
IT'S A SKULL ... AND ONE OF THE GALAXY'S MOST ANCIENT ARTEFACTS!
HEY! IT ... I DON'T KNOW, FEELS ALMOST ALIVE OR SOMETHING ...
FEELS LIKE ... HEAD'S ... GOING TO ... EXPLODE!
DON'T .... RESIST .... ACE! IT WILL ... DESTROY YOUR MIND ... IF YOU FIGHT IT!
BEWARE THE DARK FLAME!

ILLUSTRATION BY **MARTIN GERAGHTY**

THE DARK FLAME

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY **TREVOR BAXENDALE** PREVIEW BY **MARK WYMAN**


SYLVESTER McCOY
DOCTOR WHO
THE DARK FLAME

RELEASED MARCH 2003
Featuring The Seventh Doctor, Ace & Professor Bernice Summerfield
Enemies The long-dormant cult of The Dark Flame.
Setting Marren Alpha, and its moon Orbos
You'll like this if you like ... The banter of Bernice; The technology of Ravalox in *Trial*; *Image of the Fendahl*; the sensitivity of *Warriors' Gate*
Listen out for The reinforcements called up by the Emissary ...

The Doctor Sylvester McCoy
Ace Sophie Aldred
Bernice Summerfield Lisa Bowerman
Slyde Michael Praed
Remnex Andrew Westfield
Lomar Hannah Smith
Joseph/Victor Steven Wickham
Broke Toby Longworth

Music TBC
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Jason Haigh-Ellery

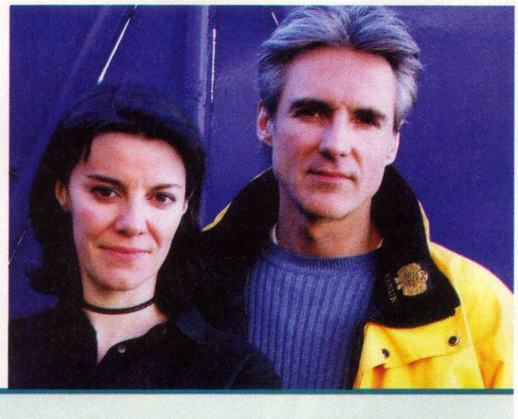
The Doctor and Ace are heading for Orbos, a small moon converted into a scientific base, to collect Benny. She arranged to meet fellow archaeologist Victor Farrison there, yet there's been no sign of him since her arrival. The Doctor also expects to meet an old friend, Remnex: one of three scientists experimenting with black light on Orbos. Then Remnex makes contact most unexpectedly ...

What relics lurk beneath the inhospitable surface of Marren Alpha? What is the hidden danger of the experiments? Why is the Doctor warned about the ancient cult of the Dark Flame, worshippers of an energy being? How can the cult's cruel leader retain any influence, centuries after spreading fear throughout the galaxy? Just how will Bernice figure in a countdown to doomsday? Above all – for whom does the Dark Flame still fiercely burn?

This is the début audio adventure from Trevor Baxendale, author of such BBC novels as *Eater of Wasps* and the recent *Fear of the Dark* [reviewed this issue]. Until 2003, Baxendale was known only as a novelist for the Eighth Doctor: but hard on the heels of that new Fifth Doctor book, here's an audio with the Seventh Doctor and his two early *New Adventures*-era companions. That's a combination unheard together since October 2000's *The Shadow of the Scourge*.

Was this, **DWM** wondered, evidence of any recent shift in the author's enthusiasm for particular Doctors? "Not at all – I'm more than happy to write for any and all Doctors," declares Baxendale. "This is just the way the books, and this audio, have fallen for me so far. I can't deny a particular affinity for the Eighth Doctor, though, given my start in the book range."

So was *The Dark Flame* the culmination of a long process of pitching ideas to Big Finish, or was Baxendale successful at the first attempt? "I took a while to get off the starting blocks with my submission," he concedes. "That was partly due to book commitments, and partly because I wanted to listen to some productions first to see what 'worked' for me and what didn't. Thankfully, Gary Russell liked my pitch for *The Dark*



"THESE PLAYS ARE A WONDERFUL NEW AVENUE FOR THE FANS"

Michael Praed on discovering that **Doctor Who** is still alive and kicking!

Flame right away ... when I finally got round to sending it in!"

What provided the original seed for this story? "Well, I had in mind, from a long way back, a story involving a malicious cult ... people who slavishly followed a very evil guru. The Cult of the Dark Flame was developed very early, and the connection to Black Light in *Doctor Who* [referenced in *The Trial of a Time Lord* Parts One to Four] – arose from that." Was he working on any BBC books once work on the script was underway? "Yes, alternating between re-writes for the play and *Fear of the Dark* throughout last summer. All told, it has been a long process."

Apart from Bernice's creator, Paul Cornell, Baxendale is the first scriptwriter to feature both Benny and the Doctor. Was this his suggestion? "Gary Russell asked me to include Benny in a revised proposal quite early on," recalls Baxendale. "This was no problem at all, apart from the hugely daunting prospect of following in Paul Cornell's footsteps!" The robotic Joseph will also be familiar to listeners of the Benny audios: how had that come about? "My script already had a robot in it – Gary suggested it might be fun to make the robot Joseph, to give him a kind of origin."

"BENNY SEEMS TO FIT IN VERY WELL WITH THE ESTABLISHED TEAM"

Lisa Bowerman on recreating the **New Adventures** dynamic

But did it help him that Bernice on audio, with over a dozen adventures under her belt, is now such an established figure? "I've a teeny-weeny confession to make here: due to a lack of time – and money! – I've never actually read a Benny book or heard a Benny audio! So my experience of her is confined to her time with the Doctor in the Virgin novels – but that's quite appropriate for this project. Benny is a superb companion and a joy to write for. I always wished I'd done a *New Adventure*: now it feels like I have!" There's a lot of banter between the regulars here, especially when Bernice is around. Did that flow naturally as the story developed? "The regulars are strong, real characters and they practically spoke for themselves: at times it felt as though I was simply jotting down what I heard them saying!"

From a debutant writer, **DWM** turned to a second time *Doctor Who* audio director: Big Finish's producer Jason Haigh-Ellery. "This is more of a traditional sci-fi story than *The Rapture*," says the director with a hint of reassurance. "We have a space station, and an alien planet ... I wanted to instil a real sense of pace, since if this were a TV production it would only need four or five sets. It could easily have become the equivalent of 'talking heads', but there is a countdown in the script encouraging the actors to bear the pace in mind."

Haigh-Ellery's main casting coup here is the appearance of Michael Praed, playing Slyde. Praed, who now describes himself as a "jobbing actor", points out that in one respect this production is a reunion for him. "It's a bit of a homecoming, because I worked with Sylvester McCoy in *The Pirates of Penzance* [the early 1980s West End production from which he was cast as Robin]. Now I'm back with him as the good Doctor after many moons." Besides, there are two other connections with Big Finish ... "I'm doing another stage production in London at present, *Contact*," Praed explains. "One of the crew, Jez Fielder, has appeared in several of these. He mentioned his involvement and set up a meeting with Jason, who saw the show, then gave me a call. I was delighted to come down." Plus, in 1999, Praed filmed a Canadian-made fantasy series, *The Secret Adventures of Jules Verne* – regrettably unseen by British audiences. He played Phileas Fogg as a former British spy: his cousin Rebecca Fogg being played by Francesca Hunt – who happens to be the eldest sister of one India Fisher. "Really? She kept that quiet," says Praed, although the series was probably mothballed before Paul McGann's audio companion was cast.

So did Praed realise this industrious enterprise was going on? "No idea whatsoever, but it's a wonderfully different avenue for the fans. I hadn't really thought about this branch of the business before, but I'd quite like to do more of it now!" Asked to sum up his role in a suitably teasing way, he is especially succinct. "I play Professor Slyde, who's bad. I think the name kind of says it all, really – and, selfishly, it's always very enjoyable to play a rotter ..."

Nearly five years since she started playing Professor Summerfield in *Oh No It Isn't!*, Lisa Bowerman is still going strong as the archaeologist, recording *The Dark Flame* within a week or so of some further Bernice audios. "I never know which season we're in until I see the spine of the CDs!" Lisa confesses.

Since Bowerman's used to playing Benny as the central character, does it seems strange to bring her back alongside the Doctor and Ace? "It does, but it's amazing how well the writers adapt to it. They understand the rhythms of her speech and the way she interacts with people. So *Shadow of the Scourge* never felt that 'alien', though you didn't know how that character would bounce off Sylvester and Sophie's well-established team. The writing in this one is just as accurate, and there's some very funny banter. Benny seems to fit in really well."

Did Bowerman feel differently about playing Bernice after appearing in *Scourge*? "Only in that, where she's normally the one coming up with solutions – by accident or intention – this is different as she refers to the Doctor much more. But she still has her own quite forceful opinions ..." Of the subject-matter here, she says "It's about moral dilemmas, and the very nature of cult followings, which I think is quite relevant in this day and age. Anybody who thinks they're 100% right is rather worrying."

This story also features a recurring character from her own series. "Yes, Joseph, my constant companion – but in a different guise. It's a really good 'back-catalogue' story in that way." So there's a good relationship between Benny and Joseph, then? "Yes, as long as the writers know how they react," says Steven Wickham. "We started out in *Walking to Babylon*, then 'Joseph the Porter' appeared in *The Greatest Shop in The Galaxy*, but this is set before that. Joseph is a lovely little character, quite sweet and fun to play, but here you also have the character of Victor who created him – so you will hear some scenes of me talking to myself!" A tremendous amount of work was crammed into the first of the two days in studio. "It was a bit tricky," says Wickham, "because we only had Sylv for one day, as he's rehearsing for *Noises Off*, and Lisa had to leave at lunchtime – so there was a lot of juggling things around."

We leave the last thoughts to Trevor Baxendale. "This is my first script. It's been a terrifically exciting experience. A novel is quite a long and solitary road to travel. This was not only quicker, but the end result is a much more collaborative effort: I provided only the words; then the actors, director and sound artists must bring it to life. I can't wait to hear it!"

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

MARCH

SATURDAY 8

TV Doctor Who: Colony in Space by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 9

TV Doctor Who: The Dæmons by Guy Leopold [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SATURDAY 15

TV Doctor Who: Day of the Daleks by Louis Marks [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 16

TV Doctor Who: The Curse of Peladon by Brian Hayles [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

THURSDAY 20

Novella Doctor Who: Wonderland by Mark Chadbourn [Second Doctor] *Telos*

SATURDAY 22

TV Doctor Who: The Sea Devils by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 23

TV Doctor Who: The Mutants by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 29

TV Doctor Who: The Time Monster by Robert Sloman & Barry Letts [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 30

TV Doctor Who: The Three Doctors by Bob Baker & Dave Martin [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who: The Dark Flame by Trevor Baxendale [Seventh, Ace & Benny] *Big Finish*

Audio Drama Dalek Empire II: Dalek War – Chapter Three by Nick Briggs *Big Finish £9.99*

APRIL

THURSDAY 3

DWM Issue 329 on sale *Panini Comics*

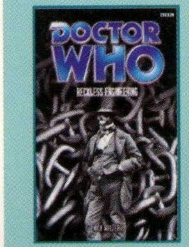
SATURDAY 5

TV Doctor Who: Carnival of Monsters by Robert Holmes [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 6

TV Doctor Who: Frontier in Space by Malcolm Hulke [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

MONDAY 7



Novel Doctor Who: Reckless Engineering by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books*

MP3-CD Doctor Who: The Daleks' Master Plan [First Doctor, Steven, Katarina & Sara] *BBC Radio Collection, £tbc*

MP3-CD Doctor Who: The Abominable Snowmen & The Web of Fear [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Radio Collection, £tbc*

SATURDAY 12

TV Doctor Who: Planet of the Daleks by Terry Nation [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

SUNDAY 13

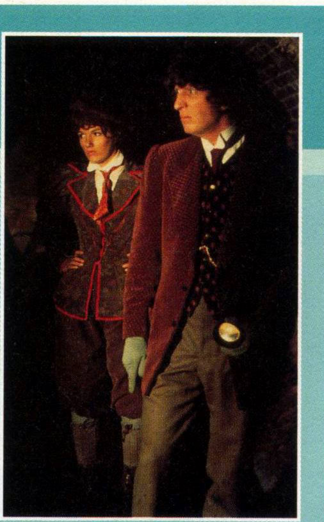
TV Doctor Who: The Green Death by Robert Sloman [Third Doctor & Jo] *UK Gold*

MONDAY 28

DVD Doctor Who: The Talons of Weng-Chiang by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video*

Video Doctor Who: Meglos by John Flanagan & Andrew McCulloch [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9]

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.



THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG

A DVD STARRING **TOM BAKER** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**

RELEASED APRIL 2003 (TBC)
Featuring The Fourth Doctor and Leela
Enemies Li H'sen Chang, Magnus Greel
DVD Extras

- Audio commentary from actors Louise Jameson, John Bennett and Christopher Benjamin, producer Philip Hinchcliffe and director David Maloney
- *Whose Doctor Who*: 1977 *Lively Arts* documentary including behind-the-scenes footage from *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*
- *Blue Peter* footage on constructing a Doctor Who 'theatre'
- Philip Hinchcliffe*Pebble Mill* interview
- 25 minutes of black and white footage from the studio recordings
- Continuity announcements and Trailers
- Production Notes
- Photo Gallery
- "Easter Eggs"

"Yes!!" DVD content producer Steve Roberts interrupts, anticipating my first question. "It's absolutely and totally uncut. I don't believe there's even a frame missing from any episode."

Well, that's a relief – not only was the 1988 compilation VHS release missing scenes, a few years ago there was much idle speculation as to whether *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* could be released uncut at all, because of the weapons used in the fight sequences. "The BBC actually put *Talons* forward to the BBFC a couple of years ago," Roberts continues, "to see how it would be certified, in light of recent relaxation of censorship laws. It was great to hear it would be passed uncut this time round ..."

So what criteria were used in selecting *Talons* as a suitable DVD release? "Once we were happy that we could put out six-parters at the same quality levels as four-parters, *Talons* was the obvious choice," explains Roberts. "It's a massively popular story that's never been available in anything other than the censored compilation version, so it was crying out for a release."

Crying out indeed – in fact, it's almost surprising that there's so much excellent supporting material on this set of discs, since one might expect that something as highly-regarded as *Talons* would sell by the shedful anyway. "I'm sure it would," Roberts agrees. "However, we set a precedent with our earlier discs and it's important that we continue to work to those standards. It would be easy to just put the episodes out and leave it at that, but I feel that our product would then be no different to the majority of TV DVDs. We make a conscious effort to elevate the *Doctor Who* discs above run-of-the-mill releases, and in this aim we're very much supported by BBC Worldwide. In a lot of cases we're including much more additional value material than can be found on many Hollywood blockbuster releases."

Such additional value means that *Talons* is a two-disc set – although unlike *The Seeds of Death*, it was always planned as such. "*Seeds* became a double disc due to a fortuitous misunderstanding," smiles Roberts, "but there was never any intention that *Talons* be a single disc – right from the outset we planned to twin it with *Whose Doctor Who* as it's a natural pairing."

Roberts is especially pleased with one of *Talons'* unique extras – "the raw studio footage from the shooting of the last episode. The quality is appalling, but it provides a fabulous insight into the making of the episode. It's amazing that the tape has survived for all these years and once again it's the generosity of one of our regular contributors that allows it to be presented here for everyone to enjoy."

Talons' length has allowed the experimental audio commentary style pioneered on *The Seeds of Death* to be revisited, in slightly refined form. "In the past," explains Roberts' colleague Paul Vanezis, "we've recorded a couple of commentaries where we could really have helped people out a bit more – by adding Peter Bryant to *Tomb*, for example. Generally, those commentaries with one production person and two cast members seem to work best. For *The Seeds of Death* I tried mixing and matching, and with *Talons*, I wanted to repeat that success, but try and go for some strong supporting cast members also."

> "IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE KEEP THE STANDARD OF OUR DISCS HIGH"
>
> Steve Roberts assures us that **Doctor Who** on DVD will always shine

"It's a real shame that Tom Baker couldn't be involved," Roberts concedes, "but he just couldn't make it to TV Centre on the only day that the other contributors were available. And I think that Christopher Benjamin and John Bennett provide a very worthwhile alternative!" And anyway, as Vanezis explains, "there are only so many people that can take part. John Bennett professes to not remember a thing, but he comes out with some gems ..."

One of the BBC's most sumptuous DVD packages yet, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* will, of course, be a guaranteed crowd-pleaser.

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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
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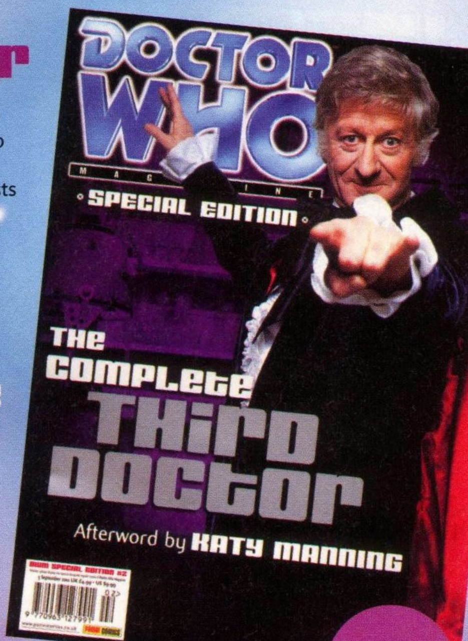
£4.50
THE COMPLETE SIXTH DOCTOR
Afterword by COLIN BAKER

THE COMPLETE SIXTH DOCTOR

We look back at Colin Baker's tempestuous time in *Doctor Who* with a glossy, 68-page **DWM Special Edition** packed to the gills with everything you'll ever need to know about colourful coats, complaining companions, cunning chemists and cancellation controversies. Featuring addenda and errata for all of **DWM**'s Sixth Doctor *Archive* features compiled by Andrew Pixley, an analysis of each of Colin Baker's TV stories and a look at the Sixth Doctor's novel, comic strip, radio and audio outings. Plus many rare and previously unpublished pictures and an afterword by Colin Baker himself!



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Afterword by PETER DAVISON

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BRAIN

A confused mish-mash of bad 1990s indie records, half-understood vaguely leftish politics ("Capitalist exploitation is bad – like in *Kinda*") and the Sylvester McCoy era. Would like to be a bit gay but isn't. Currently wondering why he prefers Honor 'Professor Lasky' Blackman's 1964 LP *Everything I've Got* to anything that's in his current music collection.

HAIR

Peroxide. Wants to look like someone out of The Vines. Actually looks like Deedrix from *Meglos*.

DWM

Tucked inside copy of the NME. Pretends to be reading about this week's "new Smiths" ("a frighteningly young, frighteningly well-dressed bunch of kids coming up from the streets of Chiswick"), but is in fact desperate to read Andrew Pixley's *Archive* of *The Myth Makers*.

SUEDE T-SHIRT

Even though Suede are now obviously rubbish, he continues to believe in and defend them. In fact, their latest album is actually the best thing they've ever done. Remind you of anything ...?

OVERCOAT

In which he can both attend disappointing gigs at the Monarch, Camden (by this week's "new Joy Division") and pretend to be the Fourth Doctor.

RECORD BAG

Contains vinyl 12" by British Sea Power, *Transformers* comic, pad for BBC Books submission ideas, and the novelisation of *Terror of the Vervoids*.

WHITE TRAINERS

The timeless design classic. Also handy for pretending to be Peter Davison when running for the bus to work.

TROUSERS (SPLIT)

His girlfriend refuses to sew them up. He thinks this is an Ace-like rejection of male power. In fact it's because she's having an affair with a man in Accounts called Jonno who knows nothing of the Wirrn, the Quarks, or the Cartmel Masterplan.

ANATOMY OF A FAN

Fig 2. The 'Trendy' Fan

THE FAN GENE

PART TWO: **BORN TO LOVE YOU**

It's that fan again! **Gary Gillatt** continues his three-part search for an answer to that unanswerable question – what makes us all **Doctor Who** fans? This time around he's staring slack-jawed at Paul McGann, analysing Dustin Hoffman and casting aspersions on the residents of Silicon Valley. Perhaps the poor lamb's still upset about a certain day in Blackpool in 1985 ...?

“So, Paul ... do people ever run up to you in the street shouting ‘Hello Doctor!’?”

“Really, really occasionally. It's my experience that the more ardent Whovians tend to go dry in the mouth. I think I twig when someone's a *Doctor Who* fan, in a shop or a restaurant, because they just stand there in silence staring at me. But generally speaking, because I've done other things as well, the attention I get and the conversations I have about my work in the street or wherever, it's hardly ever about *Doctor Who*.”

“You get quotes from *Withnail & I* shouted at you, I image?”

“Oh yeah. That and *The Monocled Mutineer* seem to be what people immediately associate me with. I get a lot more attention for those two. Hardly a day passes without someone offering up a *Withnail* quote – ‘Ice in the cider’, ‘Cakes and fine wines’. Especially if I'm ordering drinks at the bar.”

“I SAW PAUL McGANN ACROSS THE STUDIO AND MY BRAIN FROZE ...”

“So you've never had a bizarre experience with a *Doctor Who* fan in a shoe shop then?

“Why, is that where they live?”

“Not especially. It's just that I can imagine you trying on a new pair of trainers as a nervous assistant suddenly blurts out, ‘These shoes! They fit perfectly!’”

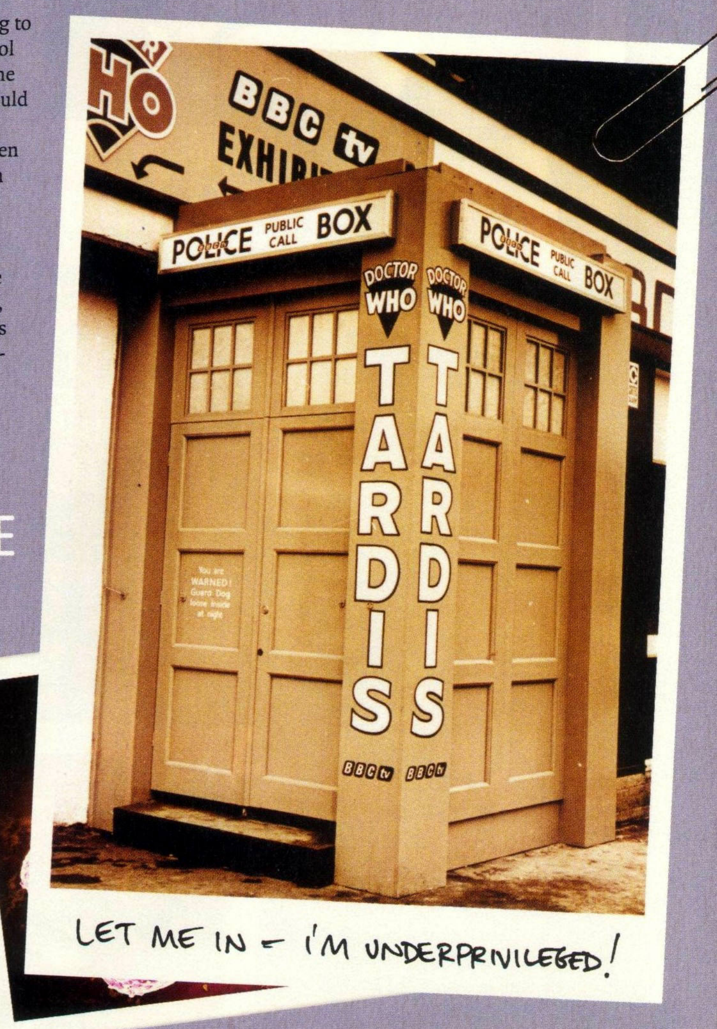
“Oh, I said that in the movie, didn't I? I get you. Is that a catchphrase for my Doctor now?”

“I suspect much of his character in hundreds of novels, comic strips and audio plays has been based upon your delivery of that one line.”

“How funny ... But no, I don't get that from Whovians. They just stare at me. It's the stare that gives them away. That and a general, um ... physical appearance. The thing is, I suspect that when other people recognise me they think ‘Oh look, it's Paul McGann’. When a Whovian sees me, maybe their first thought is ‘Oh my God, it's Doctor Who!’. Perhaps they freeze because they don't see the actor who plays the character, they just see their hero walking down the street. That must come as a shock.”

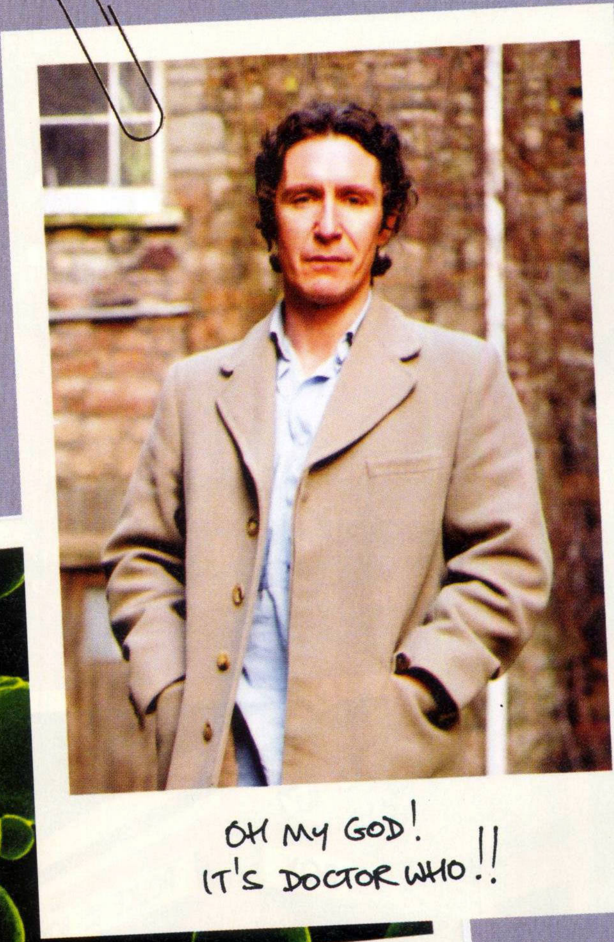
I can imagine. In fact, it happened to me just a few hours earlier, but I'm not going to tell Paul McGann that. I'm in Bristol to talk to Paul about his work on the BBCi remake of *Shada*. I knew I would be meeting Paul, and I was totally prepared for meeting Paul, but when I first spotted him across the green room at the recording studios, for the briefest of moments, for half a heartbeat, my brain screamed ‘Oh my god, it's Doctor Who!’ – before struggling to adopt a suitably cool, blasé attitude. At the time I put this immediate, embarrassing misreading of the situation down to the fact that Paul had grown his hair long, reoccupying his Doctor-ish silhouette. But perhaps this reaction is symptomatic of something more deep-seated.

Maybe my decades-long relationship with *Doctor Who* really has reprogrammed my character recognition software. Sit-com stars Andrew Sachs and Melvyn Hayes were also in the room at the time, and I didn't find myself hopping from foot to foot shouting, “Look, it's Manuel and Gloria!”. Neither did I feel the need to ask Sean Biggerstaff how this year's Gryffindor Quidditch team training was going.



LET ME IN – I'M UNDERPRIVILEGED!

It's not like this sort of thing hasn't happened before. In 1985, some of the *Doctor Who* team visited Blackpool to give a bunch of under-privileged kids a tour of the *Doctor Who* Exhibition for *Children in Need*. I was stood in a large crowd outside, jealously wondering how I could become less privileged very quickly – perhaps by poking holes in my shoes and adopting a sour expression – when Doctor Who arrived. No, no ... I mean *Colin Baker* arrived. That Colin was wearing his costume and standing in Bessie beside Nicola Bryant certainly helped with the illusion, and even the sight of John Nathan-Turner grinning like a loon from the passenger seat was not quite enough to puncture it. ‘Oh my God, it's Doctor Who!’ I thought, gripping my carrier bag of merchandise ever more tightly, watching through narrowed eyes as a snotty and entirely



OH MY GOD! IT'S DOCTOR WHO!!

disinterested kid from the same council estate as me – and whose family had a much more expensive car than mine, I might point out – was ushered into the TARDIS by my hero.

Now I'm sure you have often sneered when TV soap actors tell of receiving letters addressed to the characters they play. Who the hell would be stupid enough to write to Peggy Mitchell, care of the Queen Victoria Public House, London W20, telling her that Lisa is about to make off with baby Louise? Closer to home, you may have been at a *Doctor Who* convention when a guest has been asked about the colour scheme of their TARDIS bedroom, or whether it was Cyber-Nomads or Cyber-Neomorphs who tried to destroy the planet Voga. It's cringingly embarrassing for all concerned (well, for all bar the questioner and David Banks, perhaps). Such serious blurring of fact and fiction must surely be symptomatic of some kind of mental disorder, one feels. But if so, how does this square with my own fleeting confusion of Paul McGann and the Eighth Doctor, for example? Have all the years of watching *Doctor Who*, reading about *Doctor Who* and looking at pictures of *Doctor Who* affected my own perceptions? And Paul McGann says he gets this all the time. I can't, therefore, be the only one with this bizarre affliction ...

When I return to London I ask a group of fan friends if they have ever experienced a similar sense of confusion. One tells me of a time he introduced himself to Elisabeth Sladen with the words "Hello Sarah", while another recalls an occasion when, upon realising Tom Baker was walking down the street towards him, he ran into a branch of Somerfield out of sheer fright.

I'd hoped that Paul McGann, who is a relative newcomer to *Doctor Who*, would offer some fresh insights into fan behaviour. This theory is all very well, but it turns out that he hasn't actually *met* many *Doctor Who* fans, as they apparently just stare from a distance. Only a few have ever plucked up the courage to speak.

"Of course, every now and again someone does want to talk about *Doctor Who*," Paul told me. "What's charming about that, though, is that it's obvious that they don't want it to seem like it's *Doctor Who* they want to talk about. They go round the houses, and display an amazing knowledge of my CV, before saying, 'And you were great in *Doctor Who*.' That isn't the giveaway itself, so much the finalé of, 'And you still are, of course ...' which is always said with a twinkle in the eye."

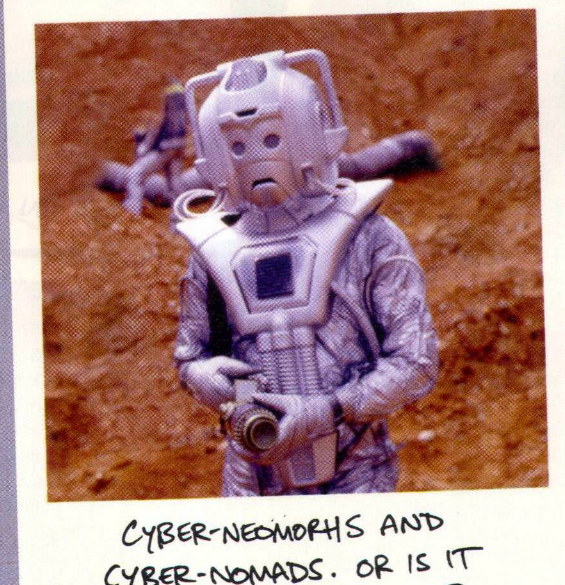
"WHEN FANS SEE ME, THEY MUST THINK 'OH MY GOD, IT'S DOCTOR WHO!'"

This reminds me of one result from my survey of the attendees at the Battlefield convention, as detailed in the first part of this feature. Only 20% those polled said they were "happy to be identified as a *Doctor Who* fan." Here, then, we have some sense of how charged a meeting between a fan and a star from the show can be. How can you tell an actor that you enjoyed their work on the series, perhaps with detailed reference to their performance in various episodes, while not even wanting to be identified as a fan of the show itself? Of course, this all boils down to the fact that we know full well how fans are seen by outsiders, and how deeply embedded in the public psyche is that spotty, anorak-sporting cliché. We carry – or 80% of us carry – a fear of being labelled as just that kind of geeky nerd; especially if we know we are *exactly* that kind of geeky nerd. So if, as the survey suggests, we're steeped in a sense of embarrassment about our harmless enthusiasm, it explains why one of my friends once ran away from Tom Baker, or why another wished the ground would swallow him up when he confused an actress from Liverpool with a journalist from South Croydon.

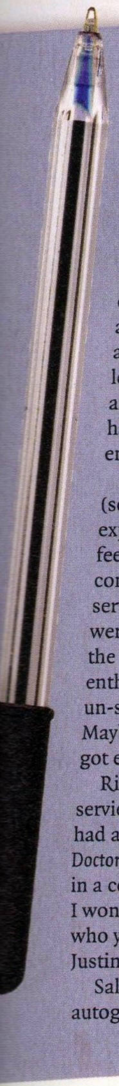
But if that's a measure of our reaction to our 'heroes', what is their reaction to us? Given that fans have spent years offering opinions on the stars of *Doctor Who* – who's good, who's bad, who's talented, who's Matthew Waterhouse – perhaps it's time we found out what they think of us ...

It's proof that the best-laid plans often go astray when phone calls and emails to actors who are familiar faces on the convention circuit – asking for their opinion of *Doctor Who* fans, and any insights into what makes us tick – fail to elicit a useful response. While its clear they have opinions, few wish to voice them in public. "You don't bite the hand that feeds," says one, even turning down the opportunity to speak off the record. "I've made that mistake before," says another. After several polite refusals, my friend Robert points me towards a less familiar figure. Comedian Richard Herring, who recently appeared in the BBCi *Doctor Who* serial *Real Time*, and has written a frank online diary describing his attendance at a recent CD signing.

"Let's just say that the stereotype of *Doctor Who*



CYBER-NEOMORPHS AND CYBER-NOMADS. OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY ROUND?



fans is probably the only stereotype in the world which is inaccurate," writes Herring, "because it doesn't go far enough."

Richard goes on to qualify this statement in broadly affectionate terms. "There is a part of me that envies the *Doctor Who* fans. They are not plagued by the self-consciousness that affects most of us. They are not worried about looking cool (that's for sure) or impressing anyone with their interesting opinions. They have found something that they like and they embrace it and it makes them happy.

"Some of the people made me laugh (sometimes affectionately, sometimes at their expense, usually a bit of both), some made me feel sick, some brought tears to my eyes ... I felt confused. Part of me feeling I'd provided a service, part of me worrying that these people were being voluntarily ripped off. But then the people who run the shop were just as enthusiastic and charming as the fans ... The un-selfconscious part of me really enjoyed it. Maybe it's just the part that wants to be cool that got embarrassed and fretful."

Richard Herring's comments on "providing a service" gave me cause to recall a conversation I had a few years ago with a leading actress from *Doctor Who*. It was an informal chat, late one night in a convention bar, and as it wasn't on the record, I won't use her name here. So let's call her Sally, who you'll recall played the popular companion Justine in that fondly-remembered era of the show.

Sally was telling me about her session on an autograph panel earlier in the day. I asked her if it was still a pleasure, still flattering, to be sought out to sign videos and books so many years since her appearances in *Doctor Who*. She indicated that it was often far from a pleasure, and actually very hard work to look cheerful for hours at a time, especially when greeted by fans who say things like, "You look much older than I thought you would" or, "I didn't like you in *Doctor Who*, but will you sign this for my sister?" Sally also expressed great surprise that she was often asked to autograph items as her character. "It's not like Justine had a signature, is it?" I remember her saying. "They could just write it on there themselves – nobody would know the difference."

" DEAR DWM,
WHY, OH WHY, OH WHY..."

Why then, I wondered, did Sally still attend these events? "For the money!" she said, laughing, before noticing my slightly shocked expression and explaining that the experience wasn't altogether unpleasant, and the majority of the fans she met were gentle, considerate and full of kind words for her work. Pushing further, I asked why she thought fans sought out her signature so keenly, often queuing for hours. "It's not the autograph they want, is it?" she said. "It's the moment they get to spend with you. You have to make that as special as you can."

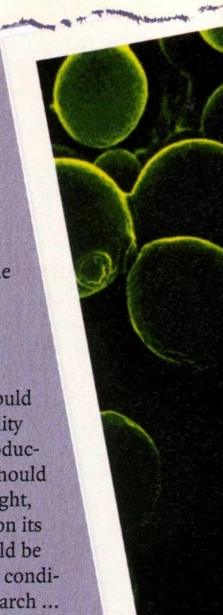
RICHARD HERRING – POSSIBLY
SCARRED BY PAST EXPERIENCES?

I suggested there was therefore some altruism in Sally's approach to conventions and autograph sessions. She is paid a fee, sure, but still endeavours to entertain, to offer good value for money. It can't be an entirely cynical exercise?

Sally confirmed that was certainly the case, as least as far as she was concerned, but then said something which has stayed with me to this day. "You often feel like you're doing work for charity," she says. "It's almost a public service you're providing. After all, everyone who comes to a convention is suffering from some degree of autism, aren't they?"

Autism. That's the diagnosis from someone who has met more *Doctor Who* fans than any of us. Blimey, that's food for thought ...

The majority of fans I've encountered certainly don't seem autistic, at least not to my immediate understanding of the word. Admittedly, however, it's not a condition I know a great deal about; at least, nothing beyond Dustin Hoffman's performance as Raymond Babbitt in the film *Rain Man*, and memories of young children paraded on *Saturday Superstore* who could produce astonishingly accurate drawings of St Paul's Cathedral or the Reichstag from memory, filling in the just the right number of acanthus leaves at the top of each Corinthian column. While I can see that Hoffman's obsessive listing of TV schedules and knowledge of trivia could be lazily compared with my own ability to match a *Doctor Who* story to its production code, and that I know a Dalek should be drawn with its gun stick on the right, and with four rows of hemispheres on its base, I didn't imagine it meant I could be diagnosed with a recognised mental condition. Perhaps it's time for some research ...



Autism was first recognised and named in the 1940s. Leo Kanner, a child psychologist working in Baltimore, noted a distinct set of character traits in a group of children he was studying. Around the same time, a paediatrician in Vienna named Hans Asperger, who knew nothing of Kanner's work, wrote a paper on several young patients who showed many of the same traits. Both scientists gave the same name to the condition: autism, from the Greek word for 'self'. What these children had in common was a tendency to withdraw into world of their own, to display distinctive repetitive behaviour, and to have problems 'reading' social situations. It is a profound, or 'classical', form of autism which is played by Hoffman in *Rain Man*, but it is by no means the only way the condition manifests itself.

Hans Asperger, in his 1944 study, detailed his intuition that autism took many forms, and it linked the behaviour of both children with learning difficulties and those who were extremely gifted with musical, artistic, technical or academic skills. The term Asperger's Syndrome would be coined in

THE FAN QUEUING INSTINCT IN ACTION

1981 by British psychologist Lorna Wing to describe a disorder, a mild form of autism, which covered a continuum of symptomatic behaviour, "including the most able, highly intelligent person, with social impairment in its subtlest form as his only disability. It overlaps with some learning disabilities, but shades right down into eccentric normality."

> "WE WERE BORN TO LOVE DOCTOR WHO, BORN TO BE FANS. IT'S OUR DESTINY..."

Eccentric normality? Now there's a phrase that many a *Doctor Who* fan might use to describe themselves, and often cheerfully so. Perhaps there is something in that reading of fandom given by actress 'Sally' after all. Asperger's, like any syndrome, is recognised by a whole range of symptoms, not all of which need to be present in order to form a diagnosis. All the diagnostic criteria are subjective, and cover everything from problems with social interaction, a limited ability to empathise with others, avoidance of eye contact and certain speech impediments right down to repetitive behaviour, collecting, list-making and immersion in fictional worlds with clearly defined rules and boundaries. I can certainly place myself on that continuum. A painfully shy child, I suffered from a severe stammer, and was taken out of primary school for several years for intensive speech therapy. While finding it difficult to communicate with my peers, I threw myself wholeheartedly into 'fictional worlds' such as the one offered by *Doctor Who*. The speech problem aside, which perhaps puts me higher up the Asperger's scale than many, it's a pattern of behaviour that I think will be recognised by many fans, and not just those of *Doctor Who*. The attraction to detailed, organised systems was even noted in Hans Asperger's early writings, the scientist commenting in 1944 that, "One boy came to be preoccupied with fantastic inventions, such as spaceships and the like."

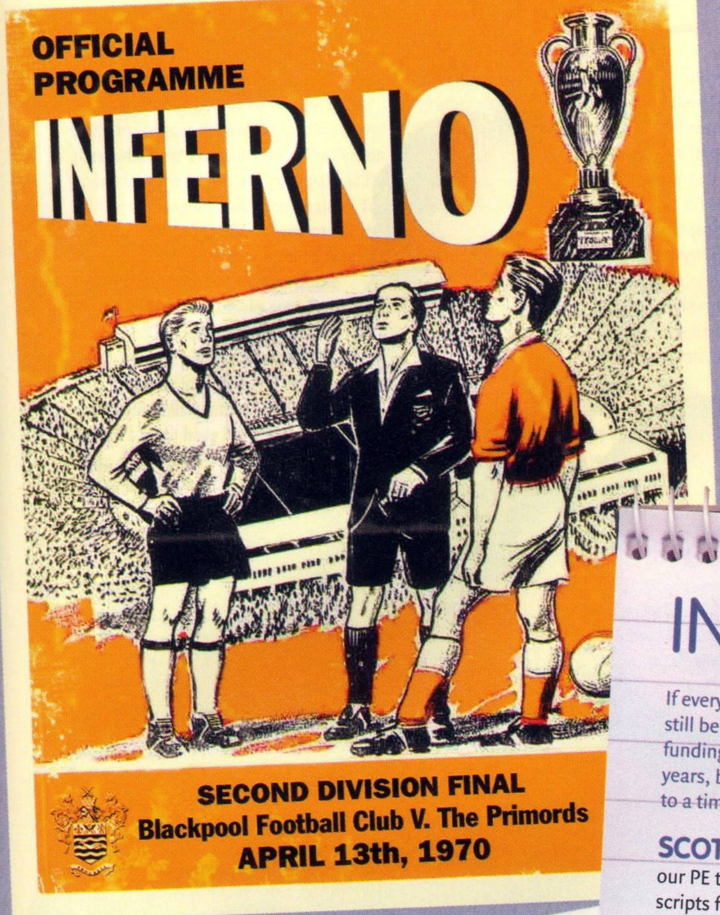
This is not suggest that as adult fans we retain a fascination with the fictional content of *Doctor Who*. Generally, I feel, readers of this magazine are not kept awake at night worrying about how the TARDIS works, the operation of Dalek rangerscopes, or the life cycle of the Chimeron. However, perhaps as we grow older and leave behind more 'childish' fascinations, the vacuum that remains is occupied by similar fact-checking exercises. We learn about production teams and methods, we collect stories into groups defined by 'season', by script editor, or identified by terms such as 'gothic', 'traditional' or 'oddball'. We are excited by lists of DVD extras, or outraged by the tiniest of edits or alterations made by the Restoration Team. Is that not just another form of immersion? Surely we step into our own special, safe world as much by reading a detailed interview with Colin Baker or an Andrew Pixley *Archive* as we do by listening to a new audio adventure or reading a novel. Perhaps even more so.

In adulthood, we haven't entirely sidelined the fiction of the programme, of course. A common fan trait is an obsession with story continuity and the concept of 'canon', becoming distressed when some new addition to the *Doctor Who* narrative contradicts earlier established facts. During my time as editor of **DWM**, I once received a letter threatening harm to my person for sanctioning a comic strip which offered a different fate for the character of Ace from that previously outlined in Virgin's *New Adventures*. That's the extreme reaction, but it again shades down into such familiar fan obsessions as the dating of UNIT stories and the contradictory histories of the Daleks. Writer Marc Platt even offered a take on this behaviour in *Ghost Light*, with a title character struggling to complete his definitive catalogue of all life, and unable to accept that the very essence of life is change. Light, along with the more obvious Whizzkid from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, are *Doctor Who*'s meditations on the nature of its own fan following.

So perhaps 'Sally' had a point, and an exploration of Asperger's should be central to any discussion of what has made us all *Doctor Who* fans in the first place. It is not without reason that Asperger's has been christened 'The Geek Syndrome' by some psychologists. One key fact about the condition is that it is inherited. When Asperger's is identified in one of a pair of identical twins, it is found in the other twin in nearly 100% of cases. In recent years, there has been a massive rise in the diagnosis of Asperger's in the 'Silicon Valley' area of California. Of course, as the condition becomes more well known it is also more likely to be diagnosed, but the California figures far outstrip this trend. In this area we have a generation of engineers, computer programmers, techies and Trekkies held in a small geographical area, who are forming relationships among their working peer group and fan friends. Even if these individuals are low down on the Asperger's continuum – with maybe just a shared fondness for *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, the fantasy novels of David Eddings or *Advanced Dungeons and Dragons* bringing them together – their children will have a greater genetic predisposition to all forms of autism; from the 'classic' variety right down to our general fannish enthusiasm. If you will, fans are breeding a whole new generation of fans and will continue to do so now that modern lifestyles, with greater freedom of travel and communication than enjoyed by any previous generation, allow us to meet partners who share interests and personality traits, rather than finding ourselves obliged to marry someone from the same area.

It is the Silicon Valley study that gives us our best evidence for a 'Fan Gene'. It's not a single gene as such, but an orchestration of multiple genes which make a child more susceptible to triggers in their environment. It's quite likely that we were born to be fans; that from birth we were predisposed to form obsessions like the one we have with *Doctor*

CANON-FODDER?



Who. We can't help ourselves. It's our destiny.

So much for the theory. It's time, I think, for some empirical evidence, and if it's genetics we're talking about, then there's a limited pool of people I can deal with. Not that I need to talk to anyone. I grew up with the truth of the Fan Gene.

I'm not the only fan in my family, you see. I'm the only one who knows the difference between Louis Marks and Louis Marx, sure, but I suspect there's nothing that my brother can't tell you about the history of Blackpool Football Club. I have my Robert Holmes and Tom Baker, he has his Stanley Matthews and Jimmy Armfield. He can list Blackpool's greatest strikers just as easily as I can trot off *Doctor Who*'s most talented writers. To him, 13 April 1970 is the day that Blackpool won promotion to the first division for the last time, beating Preston North End 3-0. To me, it's the beginning of studio rehearsals for *Inferno*.

Beyond our knowledge of team and time travel trivia, our lives have taken similar paths. Just as my hobby eventually became my job for a while, so Peter has remained true to his first and foremost infatuation, and now produces Blackpool FC's award-winning fan website. And just as I was once allowed to wander the TARDIS control room in Vancouver, so he has seen a dream come true by playing on the pitch at Bloomfield Road. "You were always just as bad as each other," says my mother, and she should know. "Though at least football never made Peter wet the bed," she adds, entirely unnecessarily.

What's made clear by these parallel paths – infinite and never intersecting – is that I am a fan from a family of fans, just as talented pianists often come from a family of musicians, or great actors from a dynasty of thespians. It's clear that I was born to be a fan – to love a team or a TV programme beyond ordinary means to measure.

Which leaves one vital question unanswered: Why, for us, was it *Doctor Who*?

On the surface we may have little in common, you and I. You could be almost anywhere in the world, living any kind of life, doing any kind of job. You may be a teenager, or you may have teenage children. You may be rich, poor, gay, straight, single or married. You may love *K9 and Company* or you may hate it. Though our lives may never otherwise have crossed, here we are together in the third-to-last paragraph of an article in the 328th edition of **Doctor Who Magazine**. It's an odd place to find ourselves, and sometimes difficult to see how we came to be here.

But there is some experience we have shared, that much is certain; some all-important change of state from casual TV viewer to *Doctor Who* fan. Some kind of epiphany.

To find out just what this was, we are, appropriately enough, going to have to take a journey back through time. DWM

To be concluded ...

IN WITH THE IN-CROWD?

If everyone who ever enjoyed watching *Doctor Who* became a paid-up fan, then the BBC would still be making 48 episodes a year, and sales of the novelisation of *The Space Pirates* would be funding Virgin's rail expansion. Relatively few of us stuck with the show beyond our teenage years, but there was once a time when everyone seemed to adore it. Here, some fans look back to a time when loving *Doctor Who* was a very ordinary thing to do ...

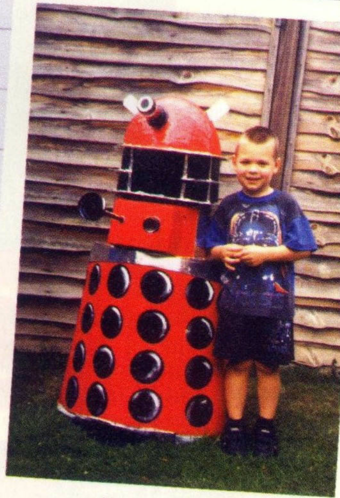
SCOTT: "*Doctor Who* was very popular and much talked about at school. We took to calling our PE teacher 'Musclebrain' after Pex in *Paradise Towers*. I did get huge kudos when I got some scripts for Season Twenty-Five before they aired. I was very popular with people who wanted to borrow them."

RICHARD: "We'd enthuse over the new episodes, drool over new Target novels, make our own Summer/Winter Specials and generally spend the whole time loving *Doctor Who*. Later in secondary school we had the *Doctor Who* Video Society, showing old episodes in the lunch break and after school. It was basically a ruse to watch old videos that we started to collect from the *Five Faces* season onwards. We also made contact with a fan collector, who loaned us some of his rare material: *Silurians*, *Ambassadors*, *Inferno*. God, we were happy."

DAVE: "From the ages of five to 11 everyone watched it. We played games. I remember re-enacting *Planet of the Daleks* in the play ground at Infant School. We rehearsed comedy *Doctor Who* sketches and presented them in front of the class."

SIMON: "There were many intense discussions at school. We talked about whether Herbert in *Timelash* would become a companion or not, or whether that bloke from *Eureka* was really going to be Doctor Who."

NEV: "Others played games, but I wasn't terribly popular at primary school. They got me to play an invisible monster so they could ignore me."



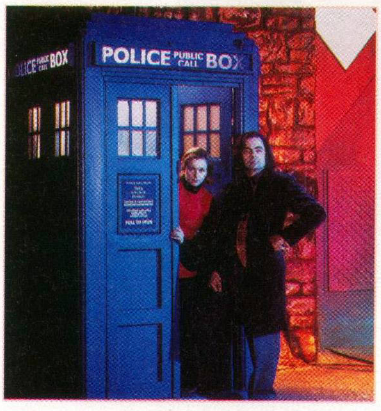
THIS WAS NORMAL ONCE...

MARK: "Me and some friends used to play *Doctor Who*. I was always the Doctor since I had a car tyre-pressure gauge as the sonic screwdriver. At the corner of the tennis courts was a big, mesh door, standing on its own in its frame, which was the TARDIS. And there were some scrubby patches of grass that, obviously, were where some spaceship or other had lifted off and burned the ground."

NICK: "*Doctor Who* discussion was rife. The episode that I remember stirring up the most heated classroom debate was part one of *The Deadly Assassin* – Doctor Who shot the man! What was he playing at? There was a brief period, probably round about the time of Season Fifteen, when being the form's resident *Doctor Who* expert actually made me rather cool. I'd read a lot of Target books by then, so I knew all about Time Lords and the Master and Sontarans and stuff, and so my vast wisdom was consulted on a regular basis. Didn't last, of course ..."

DWM ARCHIVE EXTRA

THE CURSE OF FATAL DEATH



It'll never be safe to be scared again as Andrew Pixley unveils his deadly Archive Extra. Of doom.

PART ONE

From his TARDIS, the Master watches with glee as the Ninth Doctor pilots his own ship into a deadly trap – although unfortunately he has left his speaker on, alerting the Doctor of the peril awaiting him on Zaston 4. The Doctor asks the Master to meet him on the planet Terserus, and the Master plans his deadly vengeance of deadly revenge. The TARDIS arrives in a castle on the lifeless planet, whose former inhabitants communicated by modulated gastric emissions. The Master appears, revealing that he has been back in time to bribe the Terseron architect of Castle Terserus to install traps like the Spikes of Doom, but the Doctor reveals that he has been further back in time and bribed the architect to create the Sofa of Reasonable Comfort. Another trap is similarly thwarted by the Doctor and his companion, Emma. The Doctor reveals that after having saved every planet in the universe a minimum of 27 times he is retiring to settle down and marry Emma. Nauseated by this prospect, the Master reaches for a lever (which he had the architect install) that will propel the Doctor and Emma through a trapdoor into 500 miles of disgusting sewers. "Goodbye, forever, Mr and Mrs Doctor!"

PART TWO

The trapdoor actually opens beneath the Master, because the Doctor had already come to an earlier agreement with the architect. An older, slime-covered Master suddenly bursts in; it has taken him 312 years to climb out of the sewers and he has now travelled back in time, bringing with him the Daleks – the only race who will accompany him because they don't have noses. Furthermore, the Master's body has now been augmented by superior Dalek technology and he has a – fairly useless – sucker hand. The Master attempts to kill the Doctor, only to fall into the sewers again and emerge after another 312 years. The Doctor and Emma run off with the Daleks in hot pursuit, accidentally knocking the Master through the trapdoor to the sewers again and causing him to spend another 312 years getting out.

The Doctor and Emma find a door which they think will lead to safety, only to be confronted by an army of Daleks ...

PART THREE

The Doctor and Emma are tied up in a Dalek space ship; Emma wonders why the Daleks didn't exterminate them and the Doctor says he will explain later. The Master enters, now rejuvenated and augmented with two Dalek bumps on his chest which he insists can detect ion charged emissions and act as etheric beam locators (as well as being very firm). In return, the Master has given the

Daleks the secrets of the Zectronic Energy Beam which the Doctor knows will allow them to conquer the universe within minutes (which he'll explain later). The Doctor knows that the Daleks will eventually kill the Master and hopes he will change sides. To warn the Master, the Doctor communicates in Terseron by carefully controlled breaking of wind. Aware of the betrayal in the Master's mind, the Daleks open fire. In the chaos, the Zectronic Beam Controller and the Doctor are hit. The weakened Doctor tells Emma he loves her – in Terseron – and the Master tells her that although the Doctor's ninth body is dying, he can regenerate. The Doctor's face starts to glow ... "Behold, the miracle of the Time Lord!"

PART **FOUR**

A young, good-looking and rather vain Tenth Doctor is revealed as the regeneration is completed. Emma is delighted with the result. With the Zectronic Beam Controller about to explode, the Daleks plead with the Doctor to save them. The Doctor starts the rewiring, but there is an explosion and a rather clumsy, shy, middle-aged Eleventh Doctor appears – to the dismay of Emma. He starts on the rewiring again, but forgets to unplug first, resulting in a rather suave and dashing Twelfth Doctor. Emma is very pleased with this turn of events, but suddenly a beam of residual Zectronic energy hits the Doctor and he falls – but he has completed his work and the Daleks are saved.

The Master says that the Zectronic Energy has destroyed his ability to regenerate, and Emma mourns her fiancée's passing. However, the Doctor does manage to regenerate again ... into a beautiful woman. Emma feels that their wedding will have to be cancelled, although the new Doctor is keen they should continue to rattle around the universe, fighting monsters and saving planets. The Master, who has renounced evil as a result of the Doctor's bravery, takes rather a shine to the female Doctor, who also finds him rather attractive. As they walk off together, the Doctor wonders why he is called the Master. Her former nemesis smiles: "I'll explain later ..."

"IT'LL NEVER BE SAFE TO BE SCARED AGAIN ..."

The Doctor, in his final regeneration, is hit by a beam of pure Zectronic energy which destroys his ability to regenerate ...

THE GORGEOUS DOCTOR: I'm afraid this is, the end. Look after the universe for me. I've put a lot of work into it.

EMMA: But how can we look after it? Without you?

THE GORGEOUS DOCTOR: I'll ... explain ...

(He tries to say "Later" but cannot. The Doctor dies. Emma stares, too stricken to move. The Master seems stangely solemn)

EMMA: Doctor, listen to me!! You can't die! You're too ... You're too nice! Too brave, too kind and far, far too silly. You're like Father Christmas, the Wizard of Oz, Scooby Doo ... And I love you very much, and we all need you and you simply cannot die.

MASTER: He was the best and bravest of all my foes. From this day forward, I shall renounce evil and follow the path of goodness to honour my fallen foe.

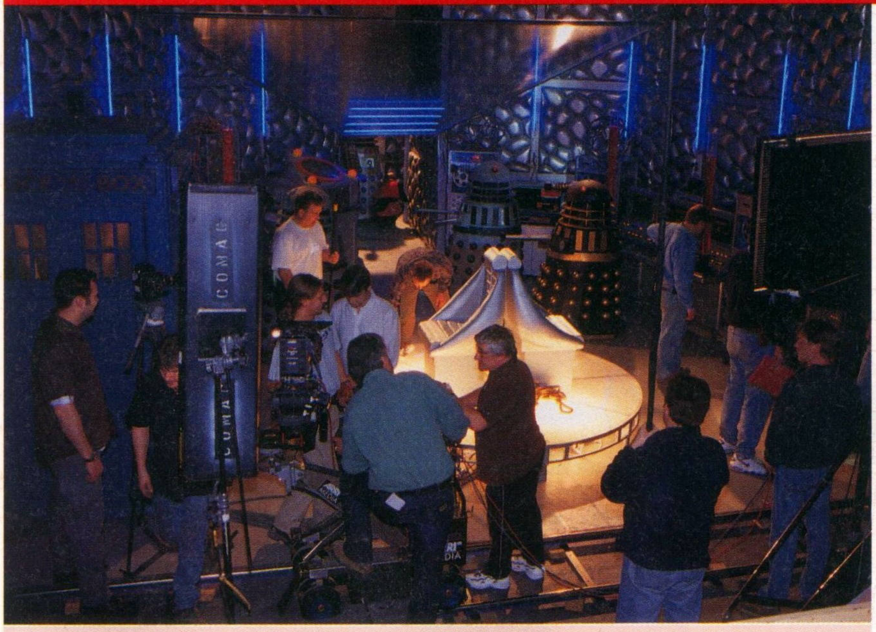
DALEK 1: The Doctor saved the Daleks. The Daleks too will honour their mortal enemy.

(But there is no response from the still figure – and finally Emma realises there isn't going to be. There is a terrible sadness in her face as she reaches out and closes the Doctor's eyes)

EMMA: He was never cruel, and never cowardly. And it'll never be safe to be scared again.

From **THE CURSE OF FATAL DEATH PART FOUR** by Steven Moffat

IN **PRODUCTION**



Pinewood Studios, February 1999: On the set of the Dalek Space Ship – complete with chairs! © BBC

In late 1998, the producers of Comic Relief set about considering the elements for their bi-annual BBC1 telethon to raise money for a variety of charitable works across the globe. One of the most popular elements in recent years had been their comic homages to notable television drama series, such as *Prime Cracker* – a crossover between the ITV crime dramas *Cracker* and *Prime Suspect* – in 1997, or *Oliver 2: Let's Twist Again* in 1995's *The Night of Comic Relief*. For 1999, the team aimed to have at least one similar item.

One of the producers for the 1999 Comic Relief show was Sue Vertue, a producer on several of Rowan Atkinson's *Mr Bean* programmes, *The Vicar of Dibley* (written by Comic Relief executive producer Richard Curtis) and *Gimme Gimme Gimme* ... as well as being the daughter of Beryl Vertue, who had been Terry Nation's agent in the 1960s at Associated London Scripts. Vertue's husband was Scots comedy writer Steven Moffat who had made his mark with the cult comedy-drama *Press Gang* and then gone on to write for *Joking Apart*, *Chalk* and *Murder Most Horrid*. Furthermore, Moffat was a *Doctor Who* fan, who eagerly purchased the BBC video releases and some of the original novels spawned by the series; he had also written the comedic short story *Continuity Errors* for Virgin's anthology *Decalog 3: Consequences* in July 1996. As such, Vertue suggested the notion of a *Doctor Who* item in the forthcoming telethon. Since *Doctor Who* was episodic, it meant that a sketch could be made in two parts, separated by a cliffhanger to keep viewers watching all evening. Furthermore, *Doctor Who* would be a good, highly trailable attraction for viewers in their thirties and forties who might tune in with disposable income to donate.

It was hoped that one such insert for the evening could feature Rowan Atkinson, the comedy actor who found fame in *Not the Nine O'Clock News* and who then went onto greater success in the *Blackadder* series and the *Mr Bean* silent comedies. Atkinson had been involved in charity work ever since *The Secret Policeman's Ball* in 1979, and was always keen to contribute to Comic Relief, even if he was only able to pre-record a short item. At this point, Atkinson had been planning to take a year out after making *Bean – The Ultimate Disaster Movie*, and was soon to re-emerge in a new *Blackadder* at the Prince's Trust Birthday Gala, shortly before Comic Relief, 1999. As such, a high profile spot for Atkinson was very desirable.

Richard Curtis, one of the founders of Comic Relief, had worked with Atkinson since the 1970s, and knew that Doctor Who was a role the actor was interested in; Atkinson had even indicated this during a television interview in 1983. The format of *Doctor Who* also appealed to Curtis as he recalled watching it with his brother in his boarding school days. Atkinson trusted Curtis and agreed to the idea, saying that he would be keen to read a script in which he played the Doctor.

Moffat faced the problem of having to write an item which would be funny for both the general audience and the dedicated fans of *Doctor Who*. For the former, he opted to craft something which combined the classy lavatorial humour associated with *Blackadder* alongside the time travel gags of comedy films like *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* and its sequel, *Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey*. Simultaneously, for the devotees, he aimed to deliver positive comments about *Doctor Who* as well as an array of great Doctors in the form of future incarnations. The writer suspected that the material would offend some fans, but hoped that most would not take it too seriously.

Considering the icons of *Doctor Who* which a general audience would recognise, Moffat settled on an eccentric Doctor (ideally in a frock coat) who could regenerate (because he is a Time Lord), his arch-rival the Master, the TARDIS, a female companion and the Daleks. Rather than produce an out-and-out spoof or parody of the show as had been done before, Moffat attempted to make his script as authentic as possible within the bounds of the original format, approaching it like a comedy serial for *Doctor Who* in the same way as Billy Wilder's film *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* made attempts to fit into Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle's original canon of detective stories. As such, jokes about bad acting, wobbly sets and unconvincing monsters were out. Instead, time travel jokes revolving around the Doctor and Master's rivalry formed the basis for much of the first instalment. One aspect of humour which Moffat was keen to draw upon was the fact that the Master always lost to the

The Dalek/Master Plan: "My Dalek's got no nose!" "How does he smell?" (etc ..) © BBC

Doctor – but never seemed to realise this ...

At the outset, Moffat believed that the item would only be a two-minute insert, but the production team liked the idea and it was soon decided to invest more time and effort on the item, making it the centrepiece of the evening. As such, the notion was expanded into a longer two-parter. Moffat started off with Atkinson playing the ninth incarnation of the Doctor (thus following the one played by Paul McGann in the 1996 TV Movie), then tailored the end of his script to show a series of further Doctors which would allow cameos from other suitable actors. The ultimate Doctor would then be shown as a woman – a controversial notion suggested many times in the popular press after a mischievous comment made by the departing Tom Baker at a press conference in October 1980. When Vertue read the script, one of her misconceptions of the series had been that the Doctor changed because he was a human who had received strange powers after an event such as being hit by a meteorite. Another aspect of Moffat's script was that the Doctor would finally become attracted to his young female companion – an obvious relationship which had been studiously avoided by the family series over the years but hinted at by the popular press and in comedy shows.

> "THE FIRST RULE WE MADE WAS 'NO JOKES ABOUT SHAKING SETS AND WOBBLY MONSTERS"
>
> **STEVEN MOFFAT** DWM 278

A first version of the script, entitled *Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death*, was written just after Christmas 1998. Atkinson was delighted with the material, and the vision he had of how he would play the Doctor was very close indeed to Moffat's scripted intentions. Nevertheless, Moffat's sketch was written without any definite idea of who would be playing the subsequent incarnations of the Doctor.

In the first draft script there were various elements which were subsequently changed. In "The Master's Evil Control Room", the main villain was revealed: "a new incarnation of the Master but as always he's dressed in black and has a neat black beard. And as always he's trying a bit too hard to sound evil." The Master has difficulty with his vocabulary as he gloats "Even now, you are piloting your TARDIS into a ... a deadly doom. Of death. A doom of fatal death! Well, obviously it's fatal, it's death, but ... you're in big trouble, that my main point. You are walking, all unsuspecting, into my deadly trap!! Of doom." After the Master had turned off the microphone on his TARDIS console, the Doctor's voice informed him "Now you seem to have e-mailed me your plans for a secret underground base staffed entirely by metal women. You really should talk to someone about this stuff, you know – it's not normal." At the end of his threats, the Master "stands there, roaring demonically, arms spread, cape fluttering in a convenient (if inexplicable) wind".

Moffat's selected venue for the serial was the planet "Terserus" [sic] which had been mentioned briefly in *The Deadly Assassin* Part Four as the world where Chancellor Goth had discovered the dying Master. By this time, John Peel's novel *Legacy of the Daleks*, published by BBC Books in April 1998, had already chronicled the end of the Master in his Roger Delgado incarnation and the start of the decaying Peter Pratt version in events involving the Eighth Doctor and his grand-daughter Susan on the planet Tersurus.

Discussing the Terserons and their unconventional form of communication with his companion/ fiancée Emma, the Doctor continues "They were the only people I have never had to protect from alien aggression. Their joyous chorus of welcome to every landing space craft has lived on in the nightmares of many an invasion fleet." When the Master enters the Hall, he originally says "A fitting place, I think ... for the final meeting of the Doctor with his Master!!" – derived from dialogue in *Castrovalva* Part Four. "Does every conversation between you time-travelling gits have to go like this?" asks Emma as the Doctor evaded the Master's traps. The Doctor also complains that he is tired of "the endless quarries" – a reference to the clichéd locations the series had used to represent alien planets. When the notion of the Doctor showing an interest in Emma is mentioned, the Master is aghast ("But you don't do this sort of thing!") and the retiring Doctor tells his adversary not to worry, "you'll find a new arch-enemy". The Master continues, saying that the Doctor "can't just marry the latest of your mini-skirted companions!" "The latest?" says a puzzled Doctor, looking at Emma blankly, "There's been more than one of you?" When Emma gets cross, the Doctor admits "Just my little joke, Leela". The draft script had the Doctor confusing Emma's name with his previous companions, referring to her later as "Peri" and even "Brigadier"

As the Master reveals his trapdoor plan, the Doctor and Emma move away, and so the Master indicates that he had had the trapdoor moved to where they are now standing. They move again, so the Master says he has changed it a second time. "Reverse temporal causality! I hate that," says the Doctor. After the Master falls in the sewer the first time and reappears, Emma asks "But if he can travel back in time why doesn't he just save himself from falling in the sewer?" "I'll explain later," replies the Doctor, setting up a running joke covering the many plot holes pointed out in *Doctor Who* over the years – notably the conclusion of *Timelash* in which a key plot twist was evaded by the Doctor in this manner. As the Daleks enter, one of them explains "Noses are unnecessary for Dalek supremacy." When Emma asks the Master what he can do with his new Dalek sucker hand, the Master turns to the Daleks and asks "What can we do with these?" whereupon the Daleks all swivel their eye-stalks to look at each other and there is a moment of embarrassed silence when none of them has an answer.

In the cliffhanger to Part One, Emma sees a door in the corridor and opens it. "Too late [she] realises she's looking at sky. There is no room beyond. She starts to overbalance, windmilling her arms ... As she starts to plunge to her certain death we freeze frame"; the freeze frame ending had been used in similar cliffhangers

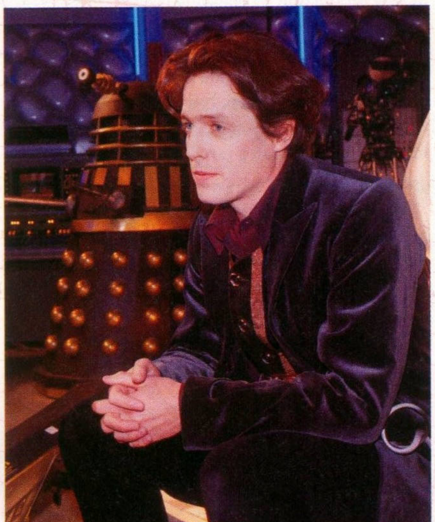
"Two words .. It's a TV show ... a series of books and audios ... a comic strip ..." © BBC such as *Genesis of the Daleks* Part Two and *Planet of Evil* Part Two. At the start of Part Two, “Emma continues to fall for about another inch then comes to an abrupt halt. There is a section of floor just below her and she’s perfectly safe.” Emma and the Doctor are then surrounded by Daleks.

When the Doctor attempts to communicate with the Master in Terseron, he explains “The Master has spent nine hundred years in a sewer – the olfactory information may have difficulty penetrating his mega-smelliness. And I warn you – it won’t be pretty if he needs to lip read”. To aid his understanding of the Doctor’s message, the Master puts on his “Gastric Gas Translator” which was to be a Comic Relief red nose. When Emma accidentally breaks wind, the Doctor (misquoting *100,000BC: The Forest of Fear*) assures her that “Fear makes Tersérons of us all.” The Daleks detect the Doctor’s communications using an “enormous metal nose which protrudes from the grill”.

On seeing the Daleks after his regeneration, “the New Doctor” commented “Oh look, it’s the conquerors of the universe! One eye, no feet, and a really scary sink plunger.” Looking at the Zectronic Beam control panel, he added “A Blinovitz [sic] limitation effect has reversed the polarity of the neutron flow and created a positive feedback circuit”; this was an amalgam of technobabble from the Jon Pertwee stories *Day of the Daleks, The Sea Devils* and *Planet of the Spiders*. When the Daleks ask the Doctor to save them, the Doctor sadly tells an outraged Emma: “You humans will never understand. All life is sacred – even when it’s a bunch of metal gits”.

When it seems the “Gorgeous Doctor” is dead, Emma urges him to regenerate but “Just keep the face!”, and as the Master says it is impossible for the Doctor to change again, Emma says “Did you hear that, Doctor? It’s only impossible”. The Daleks prepare to leave Terserus in an escape pod, and the Master urges Emma to come with them – leaving the Doctor with his TARDIS.

Atkinson liked the script and agreed to play the new incarnation of the Doctor. The *Doctor Who* sketch was announced in January as a 15-minute item to air during the main broadcast on Friday 12 March with some big name stars due to appear. The director was to be John Henderson who had recently worked on a version of *Alice Through The Looking Glass* for Channel 4 (which aired over Christmas 1998) and who had worked with Vertue on *Hospital!*, a comedy drama made for Channel 5’s opening night by Tiger Aspect in 1997; Henderson’s other comedy work had included various Julian Clary shows, *The Big One* and *Bonjour La Classe*.


Velvet goldmine: The Doctor goes from “gorgeous”...

As research for the insert, the production team watched various old *Doctor Who* serials to soak up the show’s flavour. Of the title sequences, they liked those originally used in 1963, but disliked those made by CAL Video for the Sylvester McCoy era. Henderson studied 15 hours of old *Doctor Who* tapes, including *Pyramids of Mars, Earthshock, Remembrance of the Daleks* and the 1996 TV Movie, and realised that the Doctor was simply a character who showed off to his companions, and therefore needed them as an audience for him to impress; he had fond memories of the show from when it had scared him as a child back in the William Hartnell days.

In the second week of February, the agent of Julia Sawalha was contacted with regards the *Absolutely Fabulous* actress playing the part of Emma. Sawalha agreed, believing that it would be a quick item involving half a day’s work, and was amazed to find that the piece had been written by Moffat; Moffat had created *Press Gang*, the children’s series in which Sawalha had made her mark as editor Lynda Day. The actress had never watched *Doctor Who* because it had frightened her when she was young, although it had been a favourite of Nadia, her sister. In 1987, Sawalha had been asked to audition for the part of Ace, but turned the offer down.

For the remaining cast, the team’s first choice as the Master was Jonathan Pryce, but the crew felt it unlikely that the star of films such as *Brazil* and *Tomorrow Never Dies* would be interested in the part. For the other Doctors seen at the end of the script, all the actors were people who had previously been suggested to play the part on television or on film by the press or fandom. The second Doctor to be cast was Richard E Grant who liked to do something for each Comic Relief programme. Jim Broadbent had played the Doctor before in a sketch on the *Victoria Wood As Seen on TV Special*, and had enjoyed *Doctor Who* since the Hartnell era. Having worked on projects such as *Four Weddings and a Funeral* together, Curtis was able to ask Hugh Grant to play the penultimate Doctor; Grant had appeared four years earlier raising a lot of money by kissing Dawn French, and playing the Doctor was a lifelong ambition for him. Joanna Lumley, who had been suggested by the press to play a female Doctor several times during the 1980s, had made reports for Comic Relief in Eritrea; she was familiar with the series from watching it with her son. Other reports – even during production – presumed that Alan Rickman and Kate Winslett were involved with the sketch.

... to fabulous as Grant becomes Lumley. © BBC

By the time of the shooting script on Thursday 19 February, the opening scene had been rewritten to include the references to Zaston 4, adding the Doctor’s description of why he found Emma so wonderful, material about the Master finding company at night with giant dung-slugs, an explanation of how the Daleks can conquer the universe with the Zectronic beam, Emma’s admiration for “the New Doctor” and her comments about being alone after his apparent death.

After the cliffhanger of Emma falling to perfect safety, the Doctor now seized upon another cliché by asking her “You mean you haven’t twisted your ankle? I thought girls always twisted their ankle! Emma, is it any wonder I’m going to marry you? Extraordinary!”. The role of “the Lady Doctor” was significantly increased with material about the wedding to Emma being cancelled and her interest in her sonic screwdriver (“it’s got three settings!”).

As it turned out, the Comic Relief team were able to get Jonathan Pryce as the

COMIC RELIEF

The idea for the Comic Relief fund raising venture began in a famine-stricken Sudan refugee camp depicted on the 1985 Christmas Day edition of Noel Edmonds’ *Late, Late Breakfast Show*. The desire of many of the UK’s top comedy talents was to do something to raise funds for the crisis, tackling the problems of poor and disadvantaged people in Africa and the UK. The first TV broadcast of Comic Relief was as part of *Omnibus* on Friday 25 April 1986 with a late-night 90-minute special of material performed at a charity event at Shaftesbury Avenue. Two years later, an entire evening was given over to the first Red Nose Day by BBC1; the broadcast on Friday 5 February 1988 ran from 7.35pm into the small hours and was hosted by Lenny Henry, Griff Rhys Jones and Jonathan Ross; a total of £15 million was raised by the broadcast which included special sketches based on *Black Adder* and *The New Statesman*. *A Night of Comic Relief 2* was broadcast on Friday 10 March 1989, after which the events would run every two years, alternating with Sports Relief. Rowan Atkinson regularly contributed items such as *Mr Bean on Blind Date* in 1993 and *Torvill and Bean* in 1995. Joanna Lumley had contributed a report from Eritrea in 1993 while Hugh Grant had kissed Dawn French on the 1995 show.

In terms of *Doctor Who* connections, Sylvester McCoy had appeared on Comic Relief on Friday 5 February 1988 in an item entitled *73 of a Kind* (where 73 celebrities appeared in brief sketches in the style of the comedy show *Three of a Kind*). Jon Pertwee – in his Doctor costume – had appeared on the BBC1 chat show *Wogan* on Friday 10 March 1989 promoting the subsequent *A Night of Comic Relief 2* alongside his forthcoming stage work in *Doctor Who: The Ultimate Adventure*; Pertwee also featured in the live Comic Relief broadcast. Also, the 1993 event, *Total Relief* on Friday 12 March, had been trailed with clips from a variety of old black and white BBC science fiction shows with animated red noses added to humorous effect – including the dispersion hose attacking the Doctor in *The Krotons* and the Dominator’s space ship from *The Dominators*.

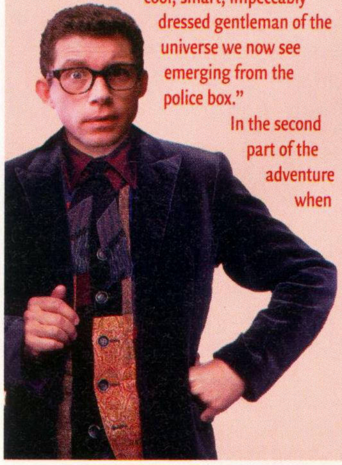
Since 1985, Comic Relief money sent to Africa has educated people about the dangers of HIV and AIDS, helped immunisation programmes, rebuilt communities and enhanced reading skills. In the UK, donations are used to help disabled people challenge prejudice and discrimination, supporting the rights of older people and providing refuge for women threatened by domestic violence. It has raised more than £220 million to date. You can make a donation by sending a cheque or postal order made payable to Comic Relief to:

Comic Relief
Ernst & Young
P.O. Box 678
London
EC4A 1NT

or by visiting: **www.comicrelief.com**

SCRIPT THE NEW DOCTORS

In the first draft script, the new Doctor was described as he emerged from the TARDIS: "Now in his ninth incarnation, he is elegant, immaculate and super-suave with an air of artfully bored insouciance. He's been everywhere, done everything and blown up most monsters. When danger strikes he rarely does more than roll his eyes at the lack of imagination among intergalactic psychopaths these days before disrupting their plans, ending their evil dominion and probably blowing up their planet if he thinks it won't get his jacket all creased. However, he has occasional flashes of fluster and panic from which he recovers with a comic swiftness that serves to remind us how much effort he puts into being the cool, smart, impeccably dressed gentleman of the universe we now see emerging from the police box."



In the second part of the adventure when the Doctor regenerates, the stage directions indicated "A golden glow bathes the Doctor's feature – and a New Doctor (Colin Firth?) is lying on the floor. Gone is the suave courtly adventurer, replaced by a handsome, muscular rugby playing type – the sort of swaggering vulgarian the previous Doctor would have loathed on sight"; this was referred to as "the New Doctor". For the next regeneration, "a plump and unprepossessing new Doctor (Mel Smith?) straightens up from behind the console" and says "Bugger!"; he was referred to as "the Plump Doctor". The next change introduced "a new and rather geeky Doctor (Lee Evans?) [who] drops out of the hole, hanging upside down with his foot caught in some cable"; this was "the Geeky Doctor". The next incarnation, "the Gorgeous Doctor" was suggested as being "(Robson Green?)" who says he hopes his final form will be acceptable to his companion and fiancée, Emma. The Doctor's ultimate form – "The Lady Doctor" – was described only as "a beautiful woman".

In the later shooting script, "The Plump Doctor" had now become "The Bashful Doctor" and his dialogue was rewritten while "The Geeky Doctor" had been dropped altogether. This meant that the Doctor would 'die' at the end of his twelfth, rather than his thirteenth life (as Moffat had originally intended), so the Gorgeous Doctor's line "I have used all my lives ..." was dropped.

Master after all, having considered numerous other actors when Pryce seemed unavailable. The actor had watched *Doctor Who* years ago but had not been able to keep up with it, and had no idea of what the Master even looked like until he saw some photographs of Roger Delgado who had originated the role in 1970.

Recording on *The Curse of Fatal Death* took place from Monday 22 to Wednesday 24 February 1999 on Stage M at Pinewood Studios at Iver in Buckinghamshire, with the James Bond film *The World is Not Enough* shooting in the adjacent 007 sound stage. The use of the sound stage for three days was donated free by Pinewood.

The first day was spent on the opening scenes in the Ancient Stone Hallway and required only Atkinson, Pryce and Sawalha, along with Pryce's Irish stunt double Gabe Cronnelly (a regular double for Sean Connery). Seven Dalek operators were also booked to rehearse that day but were not needed for recording. A read-through was held in the building housing Stages L and M at 8.00am, with Henderson advising Sawalha to play Emma as if she were a virgin from Cheltenham. This was followed by a Dalek training session at 9.30am.

Recording began at 10am, with Henderson choosing to divert from his planned schedule which would have involved the scenes of Pryce seen after 312, 624 and 936 years in a sewer. Work on this first day instead focused on all the scenes in the Hallway up to the stunt fall of the Master into the sewer for the first time; recording was largely in sequence, and included shots for later computer effects work including a spinning wall, falling stone block and light rays.

Atkinson had a lot of input into his costume as the Doctor, which was designed by Rebecca Hale. The waistcoat was based on a Paul Smith design to give an eccentric feel to the otherwise elegant outfit. Different-sized versions of the costume were then made for the other Doctors, as well as a special one for Joanna Lumley. In his guise as the Master, Pryce sported a goatee beard which he had worn in another film and wore the Nehru collar from *Tomorrow Never Dies* beneath his main costume, which was a camp exaggeration of the Master's outfits seen in the series and the TV Movie. Atkinson very much enjoyed the assignment since he was able to play a real hero as opposed to a pure comic character or a villain. Also during the day there was a photocall at 11.00am and a visit from Teresa Eagle of the *Radio Times*; the whole production was also covered by a unit from Lion Television who were making a behind-the-scenes documentary.

Recording time was tight, with the crew needing to get around six minutes of action per day, taping each scene from several angles with a single camera; this compared to a similar amount of work spanning up to six days on one of Moffat's *Press Gang* scripts (which did not include complex effects). Added to this, Sawalha had to be released as early as possible as she was then appearing in the comedy *The Memory of Water* at the Churchill Theatre in London's West End. Moffat was present during production so that, if necessary, he could simplify the script with on-the-spot rewrites. Production wrapped shortly before 7pm.

Next day, recording began at 9am on the set of the Doctor's TARDIS; the walls and console had been made for a fan video project, *Devious*, which had been in production with a Sussex-based group since 1992 and had been supplied along with three Daleks by Ashley Nealfuller. Although the console's column was seen to move up and down in a rapid, comical fashion, this was actually a problem with the prop and not an intentional effect.

> 'ROWAN REALLY WANTED TO DO DOCTOR WHO - HUGH GRANT THOUGHT IT WAS A HOOT, TOO'
>
> **RICHARD CURTIS** DWM 278

Action then switched back to the Ancient Stone Hallway to tape the scenes with the Master in various states of disarray after his many falls into the sewers. Each of these make-up changes for Pryce was scheduled around the stunt falls by Cronnelly and material with the Doctor, Emma and the Daleks, and Pryce wanted to go over to surprise the Bond crew on the adjoining 007 set while in 312-year-old make-up, claiming that he had "been very ill". Pryce's aged make-up was done by Jan Sewell, who had produced the old women make-up used by Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders in *French and Saunders*; because of the rapid production, Sewell only had around 20 minutes to perform each make-up change for both Pryce and Cronnelly.

"It's got three settings!" The 'Female Doctor' (Joanna Lumley) does her bit for sonic relief ... © BBC

The Daleks used came from a variety of sources; in addition to the trio from *Devious*, three came from BBC Visual Effects courtesy of Mike Tucker and another was loaned by Dave Saunders of the toy manufacturers Dapol at Llangollen (where a *Doctor Who* Exhibition had been running since June 1995) – thus giving the production more Daleks than had been seen in most of their appearances in *Doctor Who* itself. One of the Daleks was black and gold, with the others being various shades of silver or light grey. Nealfuller was also one of the Dalek operators, joined by his colleagues Steve Cranford and David Clarke, plus Chris Kirk who operated the Black Dalek. Inside some of the other Daleks were Dave Chapman (then better known as Otis the Aardvark on CBBC), Antonia Moss (who had been an extra on *Doctor Who* including the original 1963 serial) and Mike Mungavan (who had been a Dalek operator in *Destiny of the Daleks*). Between takes, Moffat took the opportunity to have a go at operating one of the Daleks, much to Sawalha's amusement. Chapman also provided some of the Dalek voices alongside Roy Skelton, whose Dalek voice credits stretched back to *The Evil of the Daleks* in 1967; Skelton voiced the Black Dalek for the sketch.

DWM attended the shoot, as did Andrew Beech, a former co-

New bohemian: Richard E Grant as the "lick-the-mirror handsome" Tenth Doctor. © BBC

ordinator of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society. During the 1990s, Beech had been instrumental in promoting the series via the media and by staging conventions; he became one of the Dalek operators on the final recording day.

After lunch, further sequences of the Doctor, Emma and the Daleks were recorded on the Hallway set, and it became clear that there would be insufficient time to tape the original cliffhanger of Emma falling through the door as intended. Moffat quickly developed a new ending to Part One, to have the Doctor open the doors of a "Suspiciously similar hall to the first one but redressed a bit" to reveal an army of Daleks instead.

Although it was hoped to do record all the other Doctors together on the final day, at the end of the Tuesday afternoon, the first regeneration was recorded, with Atkinson handing over the Doctor's waistcoat to Richard E Grant who was only available on this afternoon to perform his brief incarnation as "the quite handsome Doctor" on the Dalek Space Ship set. Grant was somewhat confused by the project; having grown up in Swaziland he had never seen *Doctor Who* and had not read the script apart from his own lines. For these later scenes, Pryce was restored to the youthful version of the Master, complete with a new costume based on the Pandit Nehru suit originally worn by Delgado's Master in serials such as *Terror of the Autons*. Also on this day, Atkinson recorded an appeal in character as the Doctor which was to be broadcast immediately after the final instalment of the serial.

Recording on the final day was scheduled for 9am to 6pm and opened with the scene in the "Master's Evil Control Room" (*ie* the Doctor's TARDIS set redressed). The rest of the morning was then spent on the last three regenerations of the Doctor with Jim Broadbent as "the Shy Doctor", Hugh Grant as "the Handsome Doctor" and Joanna Lumley as "the Female Doctor". The Doctor's sonic screwdriver, as used by the female Doctor, was another original BBC prop. Lumley completed the scenes with her *Absolutely Fabulous* co-star Sawalha shortly after lunch, after which Atkinson donned his costume again for the scenes of the Doctor and Emma captured by the Daleks and the Master in the Dalek Space Ship. The final scenes to be recorded were various effects shots against a chromakey screen for items such as the rotating sofa, and also the new cliffhanger with the Doctor, Emma and the Daleks.

Far more material had been recorded than planned, and because of this the first notion was to change the story into a three-parter as short, quick items were required to keep the whole Comic Relief night moving and sustain viewer interest. The intention at first was to begin with the original ten-minute Part One, and then split Part Two into two five-minute segments.

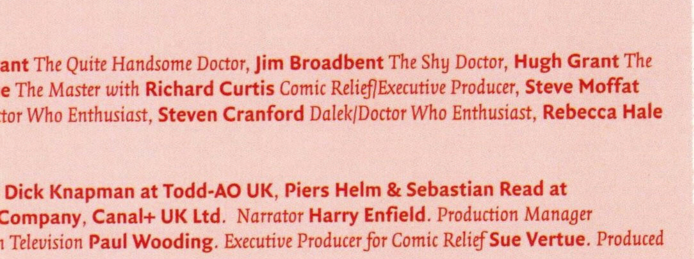
Special effects were provided by a Soho-based digital company called The Mill which donated its downtime to the production. CGI was used for the establishing shot of Castle Terserus, and the long shot of the Ancient Stone Hallway with the Doctor and Emma emerging from the TARDIS. Electronic video effects were used for the white light which flung the Doctor and Emma back against the wall, the red beam from the Master's gun, the Dalek army seen at the end of Part Two, the Daleks' ray guns, the dangerous Zectronic energy and the bright light which accompanied the Doctor's regenerations. A morphing effect was used for the Doctor's ultimate regeneration, and a short piece from the 1996 TV Movie of the TARDIS in flight appeared on the Master's scanner screen.

The title sequence from Seasons Twelve to Seventeen was used to form the basis of the truncated opening credits (minus Tom Baker's features), but with a Comic Relief red nose on the 'O' of the *Doctor Who* logo; beneath the logo appeared the title "and the Curse of Fatal Death" (in a font akin to the one used during the Baker era). At the end of the first three episodes, a closing caption (*eg* "End of Part One") appeared briefly over a short closing credit sequence. The final three episodes each began with a brief montage of what had gone before, after the opening titles and

DOCUMENTARY
DOCTOR WHO UNCOVERED

During the making of the Comic Relief item at Pinewood, production was covered by Ian Barnes of Lion Television. The documentary opened with a Dalek arriving at Pinewood and continued with interviews conducted with executive producer Richard Curtis, writer Steven Moffat, actors Richard E Grant, Jim Broadbent, Hugh Grant, Joanna Lumley, Jonathan Pryce (who remained in character as the Master), stuntman Gabe Cronnelly, Dalek operators Ashley Nealfuller and Stephen Cranford and costume designer Rebecca Hale.

To illustrate elements of *Doctor Who*'s past, various clips from the original BBC series were featured; Victoria from *The Evil of the Daleks*, Zoe and the Second Doctor from *The Mind Robber*, Leela from *The Invisible Enemy*, Polly from *The Moonbase*, the First Doctor and the Daleks from *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, the Third Doctor from *Frontier in Space* and *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, the Fourth Doctor from *Horror of Fang Rock* and *The Invasion of Time*, the Fifth Doctor from *Castrovalva*, the Sixth Doctor from *The Trial of a Time Lord*, the Seventh Doctor from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, *Paradise Towers* and *Dragonfire*, the Eighth Doctor from the TV Movie *Doctor Who*, and the Daleks from the original 1963 Dalek serial and *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS*. The video documentary also made use of some clips from the unfinished fan video *Devious* in conjunction with the interviews of Stephen and Ashley, as well as outtakes from the production of *The Curse of Fatal Death*. Narration was later added to the programme by comedy actor Harry Enfield.



DOCTOR WHO **UNCOVERED**

STARRING **Rowan Atkinson** *The Doctor*, **Julia Sawalha** *The Assistant*, **Richard E Grant** *The Quite Handsome Doctor*, **Jim Broadbent** *The Shy Doctor*, **Hugh Grant** *The Handsome Doctor*, **Joanna Lumley** *The Female Doctor*, **The Daleks** *and* **Jonathan Pryce** *The Master with* **Richard Curtis** *Comic Relief/Executive Producer*, **Steve Moffat** *Writer*, **John Henderson** *Director*, **Gabe Cronnelly** *Stuntman*, **Ashley Nealfuller** *Doctor Who Enthusiast*, **Steven Cranford** *Dalek/Doctor Who Enthusiast*, **Rebecca Hale** *Costume Designer.*

CREDITS *Lion Television and Comic Relief wish to thank:* **CROW Film and Television**, **Dick Knapman at Todd-AO UK**, **Piers Helm & Sebastian Read at Skaramoosh** *for the graphics*, **Max Horton & Amanda Libotte at Moving Picture Company**, **Canal+ UK Ltd**. *Narrator* **Harry Enfield**. *Production Manager* **Charlotte Markham**. *Sound* **Steve Skit**. *Editor* **Jon Harris**. *Executive Producer for Lion Television* **Paul Wooding**. *Executive Producer for Comic Relief* **Sue Vertue**. *Produced and Directed by* **Ian Barnes**. *A Lion Television Production for Comic Relief* © 1999

VIDEO RELEASE COMEDY SKETCHES

Three items were added to the video release to tie in with the comic *Doctor Who* theme. The first of these was an unbroadcast sketch from *French and Saunders* with Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders as their 'television extra' characters (referred to in the script as "One" and "Two") as walk-on "Silurian Guards" recording an episode of *Doctor Who*. In this sketch, recorded on a modified version of the set for *The Trial of a Time Lord*, a "Time Lord" played by George Layton (a comedy writer/performer who had appeared in the 1969 serial *The Space Pirates*) was standing trial on Siluria; this "Time Lord" was dressed in a version of the Tom Baker outfit. Presiding over the court was the Questioner (a parody of The Inquisitor, played by Joanna Bowen) while the main witness, Zybothuron (Rupert Bates) wore Omega's collar from *The Three Doctors* and Pletrac's coat from *Carnival of Monsters*. The seven-minute sketch had the two extras failing to obey the director's instructions and discussing how their favourite Doctors had been Tom Baker and Patrick Lichfield. The rest of the cast comprised Jim Hopper as the Director ("Oliver"), Tony Ryan as the AFM, Bunny Losh as Gorda, Gwyn Sullivan as the Military Man and Glynis Simmonds as the Seaweed Woman. The sketch, written by French and Saunders, was recorded for the first season of their BBC2 show in Studio 6 on Sunday 25 January 1987 and had been intended for Show 6 (broadcast Monday 13 April). It was produced by Geoff Posner (a floor assistant on *Planet of the Spiders* and *Robot*) and directed by Kevin Bishop.

The second sketch, the shortest item at just over a minute, came from *Victoria Wood As Seen On TV Special*. This saw another Doctor (Jim Broadbent) dressed in an amalgam of costume elements (floppy hat, checked trousers, cricketing pullover, multi-coloured coat) accompanied by his "not very bright" assistant Fiona (Georgia Allen). The Doctor encountered his old enemy, the green blob Crayola (Duncan Preston), and immediately became engaged in bizarre technobabble before being captured by some camp, silver-clad guards. The script, by Victoria Wood, indicated that the sketch should be a "typical episode; in colour but from no particular period" with the Doctor and Fiona in the "usual baco-foil tunnel" and Crayola described as "the wrinkly sort with the crinkly voice ... Ears on his chest, mouth on his knee, etc." The item was recorded on the afternoon of Sunday 14 June 1987 in Studio TC8, and also featured Johnny Worthy as the Speaking Guard, and Patrick Edwards and Tia Lee as other guards. The special for the series – which had run since February 1985 – was broadcast on BBC2 at 9pm on Friday 18 December 1987 and again produced by Posner. Wood later included this script in her book *Barmy: The New Victoria Wood Sketch Book* published by Methuen and Mandarin in October 1988.

The final item came from *The Lenny Henry Show* Season Two Show Five, broadcast on BBC1 at 8.30pm on Thursday 3 October 1985 and once more produced by Posner. This sketch was written by Kim Fuller – one of the main writers on the series with Henry – and recorded on Tuesday 30 April 1985. A title sequence with the Peter Howell arrangement of the theme showed Colin Baker's face merging into that of Henry, who played the new Doctor in long scarf, long leather coat and Rupert the Bear trousers. His companion, "Perry", was played by Jadie Rivas. Having started the TARDIS with a crank handle, the Doctor arrives in England 2010 to find that the Cybermen have dominated the 60 million unemployed – led by 'Thatchos' and assisted by 'Dennos', a spoof of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her husband Dennis which commented on the high levels of unemployment under Thatcher's Conservative government. Having run up and down a lot of corridors, the Doctor and "Perry" departed in the TARDIS and started to find each other attractive ... and were thus glad that their show had been given a break off the air (referring to the 1985 suspension). Also in the four-minute sketch were Lee Cornes (who appeared in *Kinda* as the Trickster) as the Ragged Man, Ivor Salter (who had been in *The Space Museum*, *The Myth Makers* and *Black Orchid*) as the Ticket Collector, Steve Amber as a Busker, and Robert Bicknell, Roger Pope and Martin Wright as Cybermen, with the voice of Thatchos provided by impressionist Steve Nallon.

before the reprise.

Only two minor cuts were made across the adventure. A small piece was removed from the opening scene where the Master says "But what you cannot know is that my evil trap will be sprung the very moment you step from your TARDIS into my evil-death trap and spring it", only to have the Doctor's voice reply "An now you seem to have e-mailed me the plans and very kindly marked the off-switch in red ink". Towards the end, after Emma's speech about it never being safe to be scared again, she originally looked sadly at the instruction panel on the TARDIS door with its note about "urgent calls" and asked "Who are we going to call now?"

On Tuesday 2 March, Mark Ayres – who had composed the incidental music scores for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, *The Curse of Fenric* and *Ghost Light* – was contacted in his capacity as historian and archivist of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop with a view to assembling a music track.

Various newspapers included the announcement of the special on Tuesday 2 March, with *The Guardian* covering Rowan Atkinson in its *Pass Notes* section on Wednesday 3. For the week of Saturday 6 to Friday 12 March, the *Radio Times* had substantial coverage of Comic Relief with a full page colour shot of Atkinson as the Ninth Doctor. The promotional material for *Red Nose Day 1999: The Record Breaker* still referred to the *Doctor Who* insert as being a three-part item scheduled for the 8.00pm, 8.30pm and 9.35pm segments of Comic Relief Night, although by now it had been decided to split Part One of the story into two segments as well and run it as a four-part mini-serial through the evening.

The Ninth Doctor (Rowan Atkinson) and Emma (Julia Sawalha) get reasonably comfy. © BBC

Ayres met with Henderson on Thursday 4 March and discussed the incidental score, which would have to be assembled quickly in time for the dub on Saturday 6 and the production of the stereo master on Sunday 7. Henderson wanted a lot of music to make the episodes like the later instalments of the TV series and also to give it a filmic feel. With too little time to compose a new score, it was decided to use existing tracks. Since the episodes were modelled on the Tom Baker era of the show, the ideal solution would have been to use Dudley Simpson's scores from the late 1970s. Unfortunately, very few of these masters still existed, and those that did would have taken too long to clear. The masters of the incidental scores produced by the BBC Radiophonic Workshop from 1980 to 1986 did exist though, and were BBC copyright (requiring no clearance). Similarly, Ayres had cues from his own episodes and from documentaries such as *30 Years in the TARDIS* which he was happy to donate.

Ayres received VHS reference copies of the episodes on Friday lunchtime and then worked almost continually through to Sunday evening. DATs of the music and sounds were created by Ayres in his private studio and delivered on Sunday morning. Noting the intention of playing the comedy 'straight', Ayres did not select any deliberately comedic tracks. He limited himself to using material from the master tapes which he had prepared for the CDs issued by Silva Screen, Paddy Kingsland's score of *Logopolis* and his own material, since all were available without necessitating a trip to the BBC. Ayres assembled a total of 53 cues, some of which were re-edited from the originals.

A revised and re-edited version of the Jon Pertwee theme tune, derived from the original master tape, was used for the opening credits and converted into pseudo-stereo. The opening TARDIS shot and other points in the serial used one of Ayres' cues from *30 Years in the TARDIS*; Ayres also used material of his own from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* and part of a score from an unfinished animated Daleks pilot film made in the 1980s. Ayres composed two new cues: *Zectronic Beam Machine* for Part Three and *Doctor Hugh* for Part Four.

Most of the remaining music came from the CD masters for the 1992 Silva Screen issues of the two 1980s albums of Radiophonic Workshop incidental music. These bands included *The Sea Devils and Resurrection of the Daleks* by Malcolm Clarke, *Nyssa is Hypnotised* (from *Four to Doomsday*) by Roger Limb, *The Five Doctors* and *Meglos* by Peter Howell, and *Warriors of the Deep* by Jonathan Gibbs.

Ayres also wanted to make sure that the sound effects were correct and worked with dubbing editors Glenn Calder and Philip Meehan at VideoSonics; Ayres handled the radiophonics while VideoSonics did the naturalistic elements. Sound effects for the TARDIS, Dalek guns and spacecraft were located, and for the regeneration Ayres created a new sound from the original TARDIS take-off master (inspired by the regeneration in *The Tenth Planet*). The Zectronic Beam Machine was a modification of a sound effect which Ayres had devised for the 1994 video *Shakedown – Return of the Sontarans*. The original Dalek city sound effect was heard in the Dalek Space Ship on the last two episodes. One or two sound items the team had hoped to incorporate were not achieved in time, notably applying the correct interior atmosphere for the Master's TARDIS in place of the sound effect for the Doctor's stationary TARDIS which VideoSonics had used because it was to hand.

Eleventh hour: Jim Broadbent emerges as the topsy-turvy 'Shy Doctor'. © BBC

'ROWAN LOOKED BRILLIANT - LIKE OSCAR WILDE MEETS BOYZONE!'

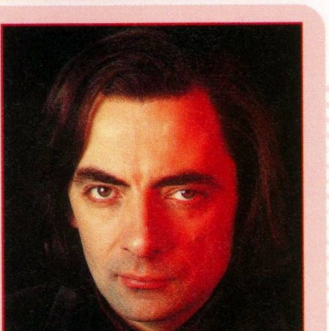
SUE VERTUE DWM 278

On Sunday 7 March, the *News of the World* printed the item "Who'll Wear the Doctor's Velvet Coat?" offering readers a chance to win Atkinson's autographed black coat by providing the name of the Doctor's time machine. The paper urged prospective entrants "Don't be tardy" when they telephoned the special hotline number, thus making further donations to Comic Relief. Atkinson contributed a letter from the Doctor entitled "Who's after your cash – Join the Doc's Return on a Life-saving Mission" to *The Mirror Official Comic Relief Nosepaper* special issued by *The Mirror* on Friday 12 March, the day of broadcast.

Part One was introduced by Johnny Vaughan and Zoe Ball, who sang their own version of the famous theme tune. The phone number to make donations and details of the Comic Relief website were superimposed on screen during the broadcast. Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders then introduced the remaining three episodes, with Part Two before the *Nine O'Clock News* and Parts Three and Four afterwards, either side of a *Hetty Wainthrop Investigates* spoof with Victoria Wood. Immediately after Part Four at 10.15pm came the ten-second message from Atkinson, in costume and character, standing by the TARDIS and encouraging donations. The first instalment was the highest rated item of the whole evening with almost ten million viewers, and although ratings fell sharply in the half hour after the break for the News at 9pm, they recovered after 10pm. By the end of the night, £17,184,937 had been raised, and in the final tally over 49 million pounds were raised by the event in all.

The costumes for the Master and Emma, along with Lumley's waistcoat, a signed shooting script, the TARDIS door panel and other items from the production were raffled to raise more funds for Comic Relief by **DWM** in Issue 279 in June 1999. For the video release by BBC Worldwide in September 1999, the adventure was re-edited into the originally-planned two instalments, and a new opening credit sequence added; this now showed the face of Atkinson's Doctor, gave the story title as *The Curse of Fatal Death* and added a writer credit. Full closing credits were now added, shown against a red tinted version of the Tom Baker time tunnel effect. Also on the VHS release was the behind-the-scenes documentary, *Doctor Who Uncovered*, and three further *Doctor Who* sketches featuring people involved with Comic Relief [see boxouts]. Proceeds from the sale of the videotape went to Comic Relief, and there was also a competition to win Rowan Atkinson's signed costume, or a script or TARDIS print signed by the star-studded cast. DWM

DOCTOR WHO AND THE CURSE OF FATAL DEATH



The broadcast version carried no on-screen credits; the following credits are taken from production documentation and the videotape release.

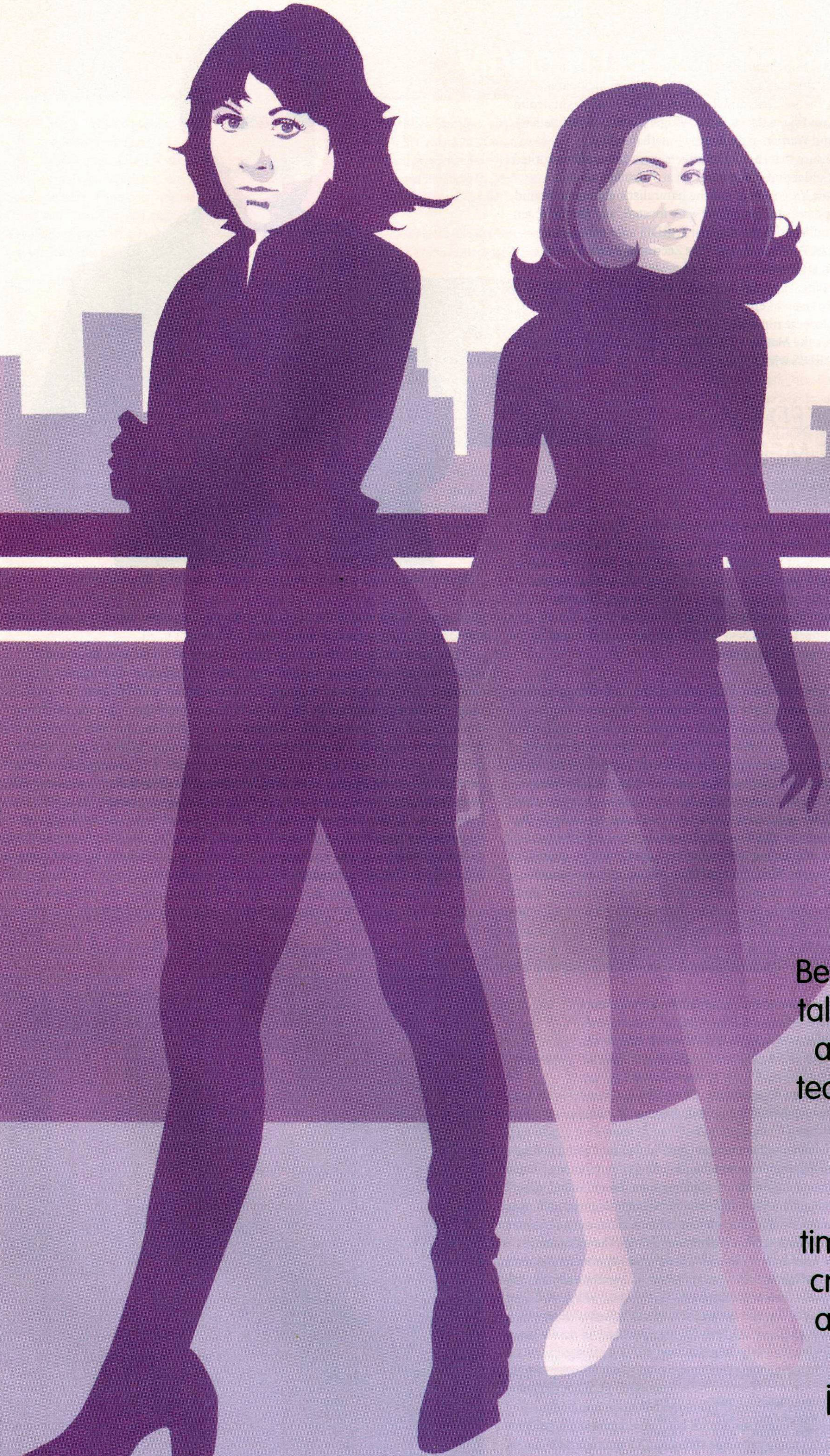
CAST **Rowan Atkinson**, **Richard E Grant** [4], **Jim Broadbent** [4], **Hugh Grant** [4], **Joanna Lumley** [4] *The Doctor*, **Julia Sawalha** *Emma*, **Jonathan Pryce** *The Master*; **Roy Skelton**, **Dave Chapman** *Daleks' Voices* [2-4]

EXTRAS **Gabe Cronnelly** *Stunt Double for the Master*; **Dave Chapman**, **David J Ross**, **Antonia Moss**, **Wendy Addicott**, **Ashley Nealfuller**, **Stephen Cranford**, **Mike Mungarvan**, **Dave Clarke**, **Chris Kirk**, **Andrew Beech** *Dalek Operators.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Steven Moffat**. *With thanks to* **Pinewood Studios**, **Comac Lighting**, **Positive Film & Television**, **Arri Media**, **The Mill**, **Willie's Wheels**, **Videosonics**, **The Spot Co**, **Michael Samuelson Lighting**, **The Location Cafe**, **Ashley Nealfuller**, **Stephen Cranford**, **David Clarke**, **Chris Kirk**, **Gary Gillatt**, **David Saunders**, **Andrew Beech**. *Stunts* **Gabe Cronnelly**. *Artists Booker* **Samantha Taylor**. *Production Runner* **Charlotte Browne**. *Camera Assistants* **Stuart Clayton**, **David Hedges**. *Camera Trainee* **Sarah Welsh**. *Stage Manager* **Mark Palmer**. *2nd Assistant Director* **Sharon Ricketts**. *Wardrobe Supervisor* **Clare Grant**. *Make-Up Artists* **Julie Dartnell** & **Mandy Gold**. *Art Director* **Sarah Milton**. *Production Buyer* **Bobby Warans**. *Props Master* **Paul Emerson**. *Standby Props* **Andrew Mortimer**, **Steve Smith**, **Gary Watson**. *Standby Carpenter* **Phil John**. *Lighting Gaffer* **Colin McCarthy**. *Electricians* **Paul Barlow**, **Dick Crane**, **Michael Plumley**. *Camera Operators* **Martin Foley**, **Jamie Harcourt**. *Vision Engineer* **Simon Lyon**. *Key Grip* **Ray Hall**. *Grip* **Darren Quinn**. *Crane Operator* **Dave Foster**. *Boom Operators* **June Prinz**, **Clive Osbourne**. *Production Assistant* **Debbie Somerville**. *1st Assistant Director* **Tim Lewis**. *Continuity* **Lorraine Anderson**. *Make-Up Designer Jan Sewell. Costume Designer Rebecca Hale. Visual Effects Andy McVean. Production Designer* **Simon Kimmel**. *Sound Recordist* **John Midgley**. *Post Production Effects* **Liz Browne**, **Dave Houghton**, **Ben Turner**. *Offline Editor* **Nick Arthurs**. *Dubbing Editors* **Glenn Calder**, **Philp Meehan**. *Music Consultant* **Mark Ayres**. *Director of Photography* **Chris Howard**. *Production Manager* **Alison MacPhail**. *Executive Producer* **Richard Curtis**. *Producer* **Sue Vertue**. *Director* **John Henderson**.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

EPISODE	TRANSMITTED	TIME	DURATION	RATING (CHART POS)	APP INDEX
Part One	12 March 1999	8.11pm-8.16pm	5'40"	9.8M (-)	-
Part Two	12 March 1999	8.36pm-8.41pm	4'55"	9.4M (-)	-
Part Three	12 March 1999	9.39pm-9.44pm	4'55"	5.8M (-)	-
Part Four	12 March 1999	10.08pm-10.15pm	7'18"	8.7M (-)	-



A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Benjamin Cook talks to mother and daughter team **Elisabeth Sladen** and **Sadie Miller** about the time-travelling, crime-tackling adventures of wonder-girl journo Sarah Jane Smith. Ker-pow!

Interviewing people is a dangerous business. Not all interviewees are friendly. And some of them bite. Interviewing two people at once is a particularly dangerous thing. Two mouths are riskier than one. And they might bite each other, which can be awkward. Nothing, however, can compare to the danger I put myself in when interviewing two people who are, for better or worse, related. I mean, related to each other. Family arguments are always embarrassing, but especially embarrassing when they're not your own. Lengthy disputes over who spent too long in the bathroom, who forgot to put the bins out last night, or who hasn't tidied their bedroom for almost a fortnight despite being asked hardly makes for very interesting reading when transcribed in the pages of **DWM**. Pity the poor interviewer caught in the middle of a family slanging match. I've been there before, believe me.

Elisabeth Sladen and her daughter, Sadie Miller, are a dream, however. I mean, they actually seem to *like* each other. The generally held belief is that father-daughter bonds are stronger than mother-daughter ones, but they seem to be testing this theory to the limit. "Ours is a very special relationship," reflects the daughter, draping her arm around her mother's neck. "We don't argue often. We're really very close. I guess that's why people say I remind them of my mum."

"I think she's had the most amazing childhood," reasons Lis, "in the world of make-believe. I mean, I tried to make it a childhood full of games, I suppose. I was determined. And we've always read to her. Maybe that's why she enjoys writing so much? Everything was fun."

Sadie nods: "Oh, I totally agree. All the silly things we used to do! We used to make up stories about three characters – Worm, Sausage and Spider. I have no idea where that came from. They were mad." Talking to Lis and Sadie together is proving to be more enlightening than dangerous. Lis has always tried to keep her home and her public life seperate ("My private life is, well, mostly private," she says). Indeed, I never knew about Worm or Sausage. Or even Spider. "My mum was brave enough to be a mum," says Sadie, "and just be a mum. I really admire that."

"You ought to meet the mothers at the school gate," Lis grins. "'Ooh! Weren't you on television? I recognise you!' I'm interrogated, not spoken to! I · thought acting was scary!" That she is still recognised in public is hardly surprising. I mean, Lis played the most popular *Doctor Who* companion *ever*. Few other assistants have even come close. If it weren't for that unfortunate Andy Pandy costume, Sarah Jane Smith would be virtually flawless. And Lis herself still looks exactly the same as she did in *Doctor Who* almost 30 years ago – I begin to wonder if there's an Andrew Skilleter poster print secreted in her attic that's doing the ageing instead. So what does she make of watching herself in *Doctor Who*? "Now? It's like watching a younger relative. I watched the show when I was in it – I felt I had to – and I was much more critical. I think anyone would say that, when you look back on it, you wish you'd realised at the time how good you were. Then you wouldn't have been so hard on yourself."

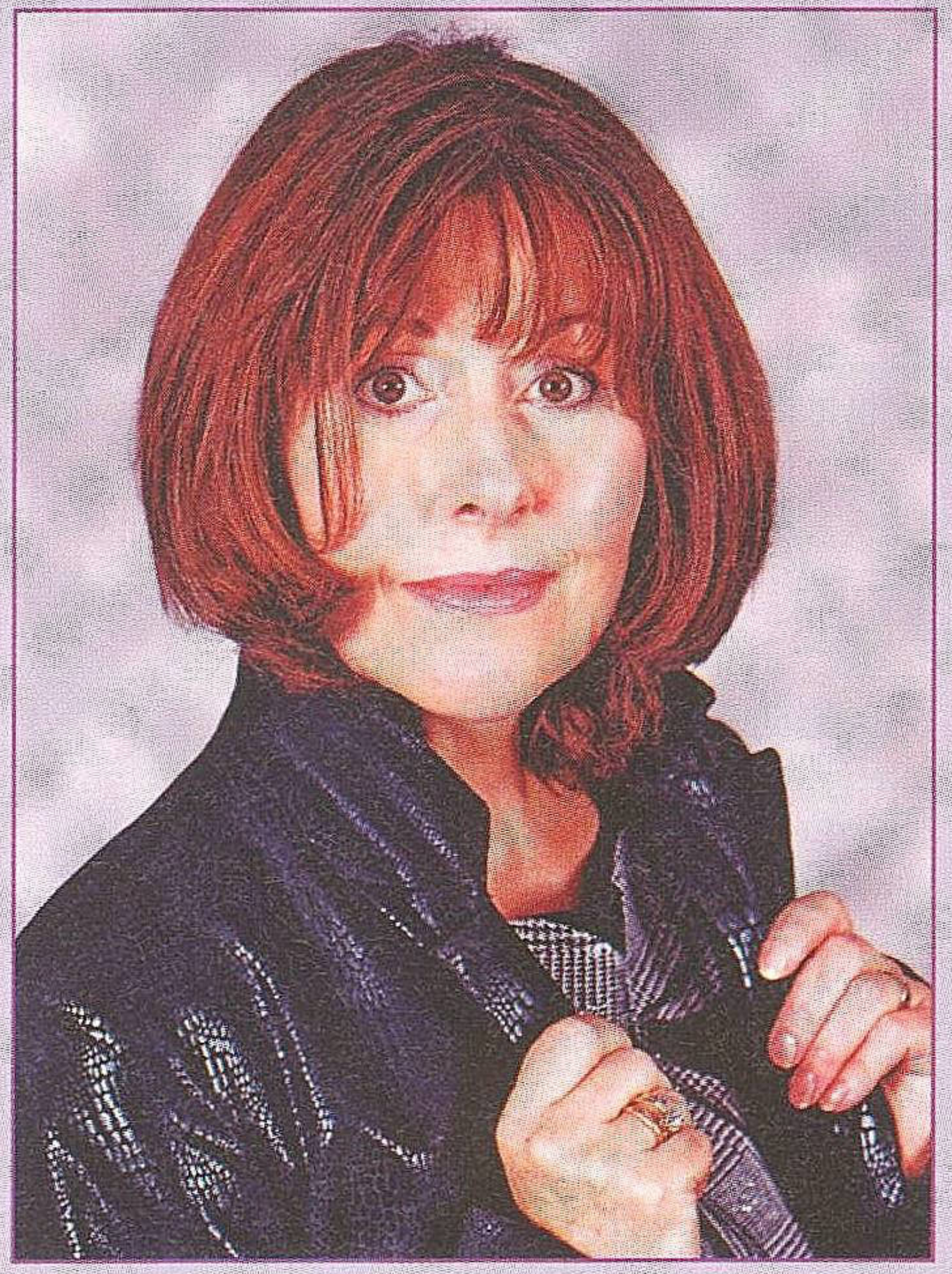


PHOTO: ROBIN PRITCHARD

"When I was younger, I found it strange," admits Sadie, "to see my mum chased by monsters and things – 'Oh my God! That's my mum!' I've come into contact with people who've been a bit funny about it, because – well, I don't know – maybe they have an artificial view of what an actor is, but at the end of the day, I wouldn't have it any other way."

And last year, Sarah Jane Smith returned – older and wiser, less dependent, without a Time Lord or TARDIS in sight – in a successful series of five original audio dramas, simply titled *Sarah Jane Smith*, from Big Finish Productions. So successful were they, in fact, that a second series is planned. And, what's more, Lis' co-star in four of the five plays was none other than Sadie, portraying wheelchair-bound computer whiz, Natalie Redfern. "The part was much larger than I initially thought, I have to say," shrugs Lis, "but it was great to work with Sadie. I thought it was a wonderful opportunity for her."

"Oh, it was great fun!" she enthuses. "I have to admit, I was a bit nervous at first, because I've never done an audio thing like that, but it was great to get into the studio and try things out. And it was a shock to be given such a major role."

"Nat is someone Sarah relies on," offers Lis. "I think Sarah sees a lot of what she was when she was

"IT WAS SUCH AN AMAZING LIFE – GOING AROUND IN A SPACESHIP WITH A GUY WITH TWO HEARTS. BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAVE YOU?"

younger in Nat.

"Yeah, I agree. I think there's a common ground between their personalities that makes the two of them stronger. Nat is Sarah's safety net, which is interesting, because she is so much younger than Sarah. I mean, she's quite similar to me – she's tenacious and sometimes a little bit narky, but I think that's because she tries not to think about her disability. She's just trying to get on and do what she needs to do, trying to live in an adult world, even though she is still quite young. You could say that Nat is a bit of a geek, because she's very computer-based. The majority of my dialogue was, sort of, relaying information picked up from the internet, so it was a challenge to keep her interesting."

"I'VE ALWAYS STOOD UP FOR DOCTOR WHO. I WOULD DEFEND IT TO ANYBODY."

"Sadie wouldn't rehearse with me at home," Lis reveals, "because home is 'mother territory', so I didn't know what she was going to do in studio until she did it. Sadie hasn't done radio before. She has done telly. What else have you done? Oh yeah, you did some voices when you were younger. I'm a very sensible mother – I've walked away from all that. And now she's walked back into the profession, but it would have been very unfair of me to say no."

"I've always wanted to act," says Sadie. "Since I was about four or something, it's always been a part of my life. And now I'm learning more about it. You never stop learning. The possibilities are endless."

"And she reads ferociously," continues Lis. "I have to say – put it up for posterity – my daughter is having a very good education. She'll do what she wants to do, but it's A levels at the moment. I don't do a great deal of work like I used to, but we went to a wonderful discussion about Chekhov recently, and I was sitting in the audience thinking, 'Oh God, yes! This is why I did it! Oh I miss it, I miss it, I miss it!'"

"The speaker was just so passionate about it, wasn't she?"

"You have to have a passion!" affirms Lis. "I love being around actors. They're just so tactile. And interesting. And sweet and civil. And very generous." Nevertheless, Lis argues that the profession has changed completely since her *Doctor Who* days: "You don't have the opportunities to try things out any more. If I really considered going back on stage, I'd have to go into training. We need people to employ actors who still love actors and the profession. I mean, people with feeling." What advice would Lis give to Sadie about entering the profession? "Go to university!" Oh. Fair enough. "No, seriously!" How has Lis found playing Sarah Jane again for Big Finish? "You just try to clothe yourself the best you can," she says, ambiguously. "Gary Russell [director and co-producer] had his eye on everything. You can't muck around! He allows actors to run with it, but you know that he's watching, because sometimes I have maybe ten ideas and nine of them are crap, but for that one, it's worth me putting them forward. And he allows me to do that. You get into the studio and – well, I don't want to sound pretentious, but – emotions take over. I quite surprised myself."

"When you rehearse a play," agrees Sadie, "you do so over again and again, so that you know exactly where your marks are and what to do; I've found it really quite refreshing to go into a studio, because you just, sort of, work things out on the spot, which is much more exhilarating. I'm interested in method acting – and it was really a step in that direction."

"I had a lovely letter from David Bishop, who wrote *Test of Nerve*, which was the first one we recorded," relates Lis, "and he wrote: 'Please pass on my compliments to Sadie. She did very well in a part that required her to spout endless direction. I was especially knocked out by her performance in the scenes with Harris – very dramatic and strong.' I thought that was lovely."

"I know you're not supposed to have a favourite episode," beams Sadie, "but *Test of Nerve* is my favourite, because I think Natalie really gets to become more of a character. Sarah is able to go off and have some ... not more interesting, but ... more *dramatic* sequences."

"I have said – and I do stand by it, really – that after making *K9 and Company*, I don't really know whether the Sarah Jane that appeared on television all those years ago can actually stand on her own," muses Lis, "but I think my mistake in *K9 and Company* was that I played her as the same old Sarah that everybody knew. When Gary approached me to do this audio series, he asked me what I thought had happened to Sarah since leaving the TARDIS. And that intrigued me ..."

Recently, when Lis recorded an CD for MJTV entitled *The Actor Speaks*, she pondered this very question: "I had to make that CD a very personal thing, so it was like a springboard for the *Sarah Jane Smith* series ... I mean, I started to think about how I could portray my life to the audience I was aiming for. What would they be interested in? Sarah Jane had to be part of it, so I thought it'd be interesting to talk about Sarah not only as she was, but as she could be now. I started to think about her realistically – well, as realistically as you can with a cardboard cut-out character. I mean, I try to pump air into her! I try to

Lis tries out the schoolgirl look. Down boys! © B Cook fill in the cracks! So, I started thinking, 'What would she have done?' And when Gary came along, he was very receptive about the direction in which we could take her. I'm very blessed that he agreed with me."

How has Sarah changed, then? What has happened to her since her heady TARDIS days? "Life is never perfect," embarks Lis. "In everyone's life, there are great highs and great lows. A high in my life was *Doctor Who*, so I thought about how I felt when I left. I found that I missed those larger-than-life people – Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker. I mean, when I left the series, I missed it very much, so I thought, well, when Sarah left the Doctor, she missed him very much, just like I missed him. In a way, she would like to have stayed with him, I think, but it was such an amazing life – going around in a spaceship with a guy with two hearts. Where exactly does that leave you? She wanted to leave, because she has to have her freedom – but by God, she would miss it! And who can she share her experiences with? How can she possibly explain to someone – 'I knew a guy with two hearts! I saved the universe!' – in her job as reporter.

"I've been well served by all of the *Sarah Jane Smith* writers. There are some lovely scripts. I hope we've just sort of captured a flavour of something different. I wanted an element of danger. I mean, at times, I think Sarah can be quite unlikeable. You can't change everything just for the sake of change, but I don't think we have. Everything has been thought through. And we're not talking about brain surgery!" She is also impressed with Big Finish stalwart Jeremy James, who "plays my companion, Josh Townsend, and I can't imagine anyone else in the role. Jez looks a lot like Jon Pertwee, actually. I don't know how he'd take that. Actually, I told him. I think he incorporated it into the character!"

"Jez e-mailed me and helped me with my English homework!" adds Sadie.

"And he made me laugh," chuckles Lis. "And he was very loud, which meant that I could be not quite as loud, so that he gets in trouble." And what of other guest cast members? Lis singles out *Genesis of the Daleks* star Peter Miles ("absolutely brilliant!"), Dalek voice artist Roy Skelton ("so good in this!") and, of course, her husband, Brian Miller: "Oh, it was lovely to work with him again, because I haven't worked with him for a long time. Gary asked me whether Brian would do it: 'Oh God!' I said. 'We'll have the cat in it next!'" The series also features the shock return of a certain villainess ... "Are we allowed to say who plays the actual villain?" Only in the box-out! "Would we be giving too much away? I mean, it was so nice to see that person again ..."

Doesn't Lis ever get a bit fed up of *Doctor Who*? "I thought I had when I left the series," she concedes. "I thought that'd be the end of my association with the show. I couldn't believe that people still wanted to know about it. I turned down a lot of offers – I thought it was terribly bad form to hang onto something that was someone else's domain. I felt a bit like an impostor. I mean, [*Doctor Who* producer] Barry Letts once asked me whether I thought he'd ruined my career by casting me in *Doctor Who*. Of course, there's no answer to that! I mean, I was typecast, but I was known ..."

Sadie has a thought: "Just like Tim Curry from *Rocky Horror*!"

"Oh lovely! My daughter likens me to Tim Curry in *The Rocky Horror Show*!"

"Hah! After that part, where do you go?"

"I don't think I'll ever really get away from Sarah," persists Lis. "I mean, I've been thinking of writing a biography – whether to do one on just *Doctor Who* or include stuff before and after. I have loads of photographs and bits and pieces, but whether they'd be interesting, God alone knows. Sarah Jane is like part of the family now – someone you're related to, so you

A WINTER'S TALE

"She's not very nice! Actually, she's horrid! A real bad guy. A bit, sort of, James Bond. Such fun to play! Totally evil. And she wants power and authority over everyone ... Hmm – she's quite one-dimensional, really. There's not a lot in her." Spoiler-sensitive readers may wish to superglue their eyelids together before reading on. For the rest of us, first-rate actress Patricia Maynard is talking about *Robot* villainess Miss Winters (boo!), who returns to torment Sarah Jane (hiss!) in the *Sarah Jane Smith* audio series. I mean, what a cow. "Oh no, I admire her decisiveness," enthuses Patricia, roaring with laughter (scary!). "Miss Winters knows what she wants! And with *Doctor Who*, you can go very over-the-top, can't you? I mean, it's just great fun – something to get your teeth into. Melodrama, you know?"

Was Patricia nervous about reprising a one-off role from almost 30 years ago? "Well, no. I mean, it was made easier because I'd played the character before, so it wasn't unnerving." How much had Patricia changed since then? "I've certainly changed as a person. I'd like to think, actually, that I'm a nicer person than I was, but I still find it incredibly easy to play nasty people, so maybe I'm not! I'm just deluding myself!" What was Elisabeth Sladen like to work – for a second time? "Lovely! Lovely! I can't get over the fact that she hasn't changed. I mean, we worked together on *Doctor Who* in 1974, which is a long time ago! And she's hasn't changed – either as a person or physically. She' s staying remarkably young."

Patricia has nothing but fond memories of working on Tom Baker's début serial: "Oh, it was fantastic! Obviously, I was nervous about going into something that huge, but Tom was nervous, too. Fortunately, on the first day of filming, my first line was something like 'My name is Hilda Winters,' but I actually said, 'My name is Hilda Baker!' Hilda Baker was an aging Northern comedienne! And as soon as I said that, we both burst out laughing, which broke the ice. I thought Tom was wonderful as Doctor Who.

"There was a lovely feeling on *Doctor Who*," she smiles, "which was easy and jokey, but very professional. I mean, everyone was able to have a laugh as long as we didn't waste time. If actors get on in real life, it'll show in the work, I think. That's why certain programmes work so well. For example, my ex-husband [Dennis Waterman], who was in *The Sweeney* and *Minder* – he got on terribly well with both John Thaw and George Cole. I don't think you'd get that success unless you had rapport between the actors involved."

Is that what makes a show a long-lasting success, then – rapport? "I don't know what it is. If someone had said to me 30 years ago that *Doctor Who* would still be going and people would still be interested in it, I wouldn't have believed them. I mean, as far as *The Sweeney* is concerned, you could say it's curiosity value, because they wore those funny clothes – kipper ties and flared trousers and things." You should have seen what they wore in *Doctor Who*! "Oh yes, but *Doctor Who* was, sort of, timeless.

"This might sound like a strange thing to say, but *Doctor Who* had a charm about it that modernday violent action stuff for kids doesn't have. *Doctor Who* was always slightly tongue-in-cheek – always sending itself up slightly. I mean, it was meant to scare the kids, which it did, but at the same time, it was gentle – it didn't actually give them nightmares." She leans forward, submerging her face in shadow: "Well, I don't *think* it gave them nightmares ..."

still see her occasionally. And I've always stood up for the programme. I've never knocked it. I would defend *Doctor Who* to anybody. And I find myself still having to defend the programme. I mean, we're told how popular the assistants are, but if you look at video and book covers, I mean, we're usually relegated to the back cover! The front cover is always ..."

"Tom Baker and five monsters!" laughs Sadie.

"We worked just as hard! I feel more supported by the fans than by the BBC nowadays. And when my image is used on merchandise ... The artwork is normally of a very high standard, but I'm not too happy about some of the books – the missing adventures or whatever. I'm not saying they shouldn't do them – I mean, they have nothing to do with me – but if you've played a character for 25 years, I mean, I hasten to add that I am not a 36DD bust! And I do rather resent that the character is put forward in that way, because I don't think that's accurate. I wish people wouldn't ignore the reality when putting me on book covers and things, I really do."

We are family: Lis and Sadie form a close-knit team as Sarah Jane and Natalie Redfern. © Ben Cook

"WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, I FOUND IT STRANGE TO SEE MY MUM BEING CHASED BY MONSTERS. NOW, I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!"

I wonder when Lis first introduced Sadie to *Doctor Who*. "I was very young," jumps in Sadie. "Only about eight. I asked Mum what a convention was, because fan mail was coming in the post and I was curious to what it was all about."

"I'd completely stopped going to conventions," takes up Lis. "I suppose it was because of Sadie that I started to go again – to show her what they were like, you know?"

"I became aware of how big *Doctor Who* was. And then I came home and we watched *Pyramids of Mars* together!" Sadie smiles: "The fans that I've met have always been very kind to me, even though, until now, I've never been directly linked with the programme. They just seem to be people who have a love of something and want to make sure that everyone else gets as much enjoyment out of it as they do."

Lis nods: "I have very loyal fans. I'm very lucky. I almost wish I could find a word other than 'fan', because it's so ..."

Sadie cuts in: "A friend of mine told me that a friend of his at university has a big cardboard cut-out of my mum in his room! Absolutely hysterical!" Lis cringes. Nevertheless ...

Sadie played an integral part in *The Actor Speaks*: "What I didn't want to do was put forward something false," explains Lis, "so I thought about where I was now. And where I am now is cook and bottle-washer! And as Sadie is very much what I am about, I felt that her involvement was essential. That's why I read some of her stuff on the CD, although it had been approved by other people. I mean, you try to be honest as a mother, but ..."

"I was a little nervous about getting involved with it to start with," considers Sadie, "because I'm against nepotism in any business, but we tried to pick a couple of pieces that we thought were genuinely good. And hopefully people did like them ..." From where does Sadie get inspiration? "When I feel the need, I just write stuff," she says matter-of-factly. "And a lot of the time it's really bad, so I store it away, but I occasionally find a couple of things that I've really put my heart into. Something that I'm proud of and want to share with people – I guess that's the whole ethos of writing. I don't know if that sounds corny. Writing is definitely something that I'd like to do – I don't know if I could do it as a career. I have to say, I've been far too scared to listen to *The Actor Speaks*. Friends of mine have listened to it and they, sort of, take the piss a bit – joking around, I hope! – but no, I haven't actually had the courage to listen. It's sitting in my drawer at the moment ..."

Sarah Jane's "companion", Josh Townsend (Jeremy James). © B Cook

Which actors do Lis and Sadie admire? "Ooh, so many!"

"I've grown up in a house where we watch a lot of old films," Sadie answers, "so I admire a lot of actors who are dead now – Jack Lemmon is a particular family favourite, Tony Curtis, Shirley MacLaine, Natalie Wood, Marlon Brando, people like that. I don't think we have actors like that anymore."

Lis adds: "Sadie has been in conversation with Tony Curtis and Shirley MacLaine!"

"Yeah, I've e-mailed them! And they e-mailed me back!

"Sometimes you'll see an actor and think, 'Oh I forgot about him. Isn't it lovely to watch him? Isn't he good?' I love to watch good actors being good," mulls Lis. "I love to see how they work a script. There's no correct way to say a line."

Sadie agrees: "I mean, with Humphrey Bogart, you hear his voice and you know that it's him, but you listen to actors nowadays and cannot tell one from the other – Brad Pitt from George Clooney, you know? Then again, we went to see a play in London called *This is Our Youth* very recently. We saw the original cast, which was Anna Paquin, Hayden Christensen and Jake Gyllenhaal – and something about them was really ..."

"They were exceptional!"

"Definitely! Usually, whenever I think of someone as being good, I always associate them with actors of the past, though ..."

"We're really sad like that!" laughs Lis. "A lot of actors who did films came from radio. There's nowhere now to practice. I didn't realise that, for all those years I was working, I was actually practicing, because you're constantly working with actors who have been doing the job for ages. And they can teach you so much. Just by watching them, you soak it up like a sponge. Now, the work is more spasmodic for people."

I wonder what it's like living in a family of actors. "I've never lived in a family that isn't made of actors," replies Sadie, "but I guess, really, it's more crazy. I think all families are a bit mad, aren't they? Sometimes you wake up in the morning, and go downstairs, and Dad's impersonating Cary Grant or someone. And then, suddenly, James Stewart is serving you breakfast! Oh God! And the cat gets involved ..."

Lis explodes with laughter: "Brian is trying to teach the cat to talk!"

"Actually, Mum, the cat does Marlon Brando!"

"Oh God! Is that what Dad's been doing? Just be thankful – I remember when Brian and I were first married ... I was staying with my parents in Liverpool, and he was

Where it all began: Sarah Jane Smith is introduced to the public in the Radio Times 10th Anniversary Special. © BBC

playing in *Krapp's Last Tape* at Liverpool Playhouse, and he was practicing in the bathroom, and my father was going, 'What is Brian doing in there?!' Hah, hah! I don't think I bring my work home as much as he does. Would you say that was true?

Sadie: "Yeah, that's true."

"I see a lot of my father in you, actually," says Lis, turning to her daughter, "but I do think, in various things, you're very much like your dad. And our house is quite 'involatile', isn't it? A very sweet and lovely household. A lot of our friends aren't actors. They're just ordinary people. Hah, hah. In his speech, the best man at our wedding said, 'One of the nicest things I can say about Lis and Brian is that you would never know they were actors!' At the time, I was deeply offended ..."

So, then. How alike are mother and daughter? "Sadie's much more focused than I was at her age," confesses Lis. "I would think all young people are! I see a lot of family traits in Sadie, but she handles things differently to me. I was always very much my own person. I went about life in a much quieter way, whereas Sadie is, erm ..."

"Mouthy?" Sadie sniggers.

"Hmm, yes, but incredibly honest. And incredibly fair – sometimes to her own disadvantage. She won't stand for any crap, but she's very tender-hearted. She said something lovely to me just the other day – 'You're always there for me,' she said. 'There's always food on the table, someone standing at the gate, someone in the audience at my school play ...'" She pats Sadie affectionately. "I mean, that says everything to me. I just wouldn't want it any other way."

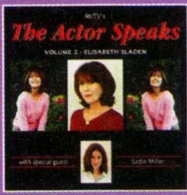
Aww! For a moment there, I began to wish that Elisabeth Sladen was my mum, too. I tell her this, and she stifles a laugh. "Oh darling! Bless you!"

"You can stay at our house!" chuckles Sadie. "You can sleep with the cat!"

"Oh no!" protests Sadie's mother. "He can sleep in the house! If your parents ever put you up for adoption, Ben, we'll take you in! Come home with us!"

See what I mean? Interviewing can be a very dangerous business ... DWM

COMPETITION



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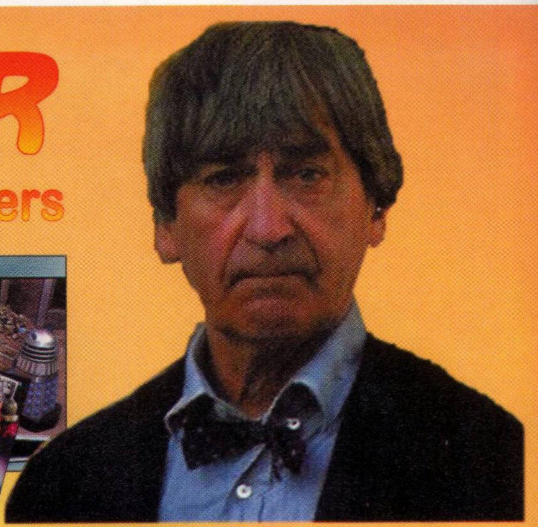

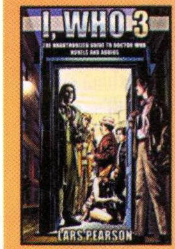

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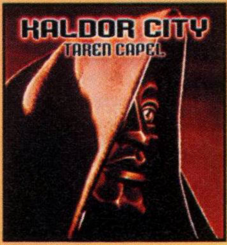

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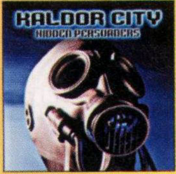

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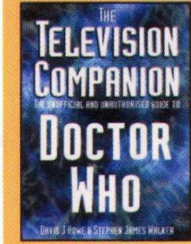

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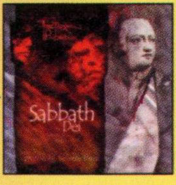

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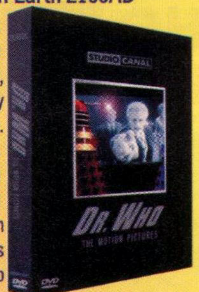

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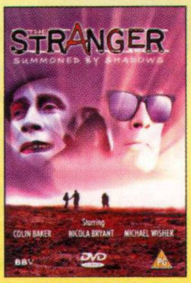

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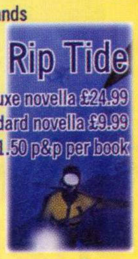

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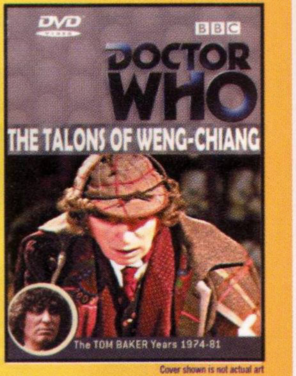

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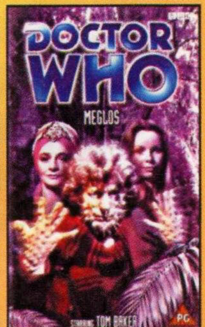

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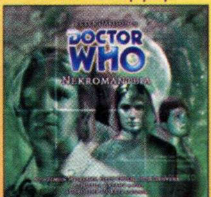

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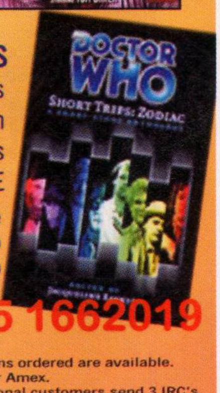

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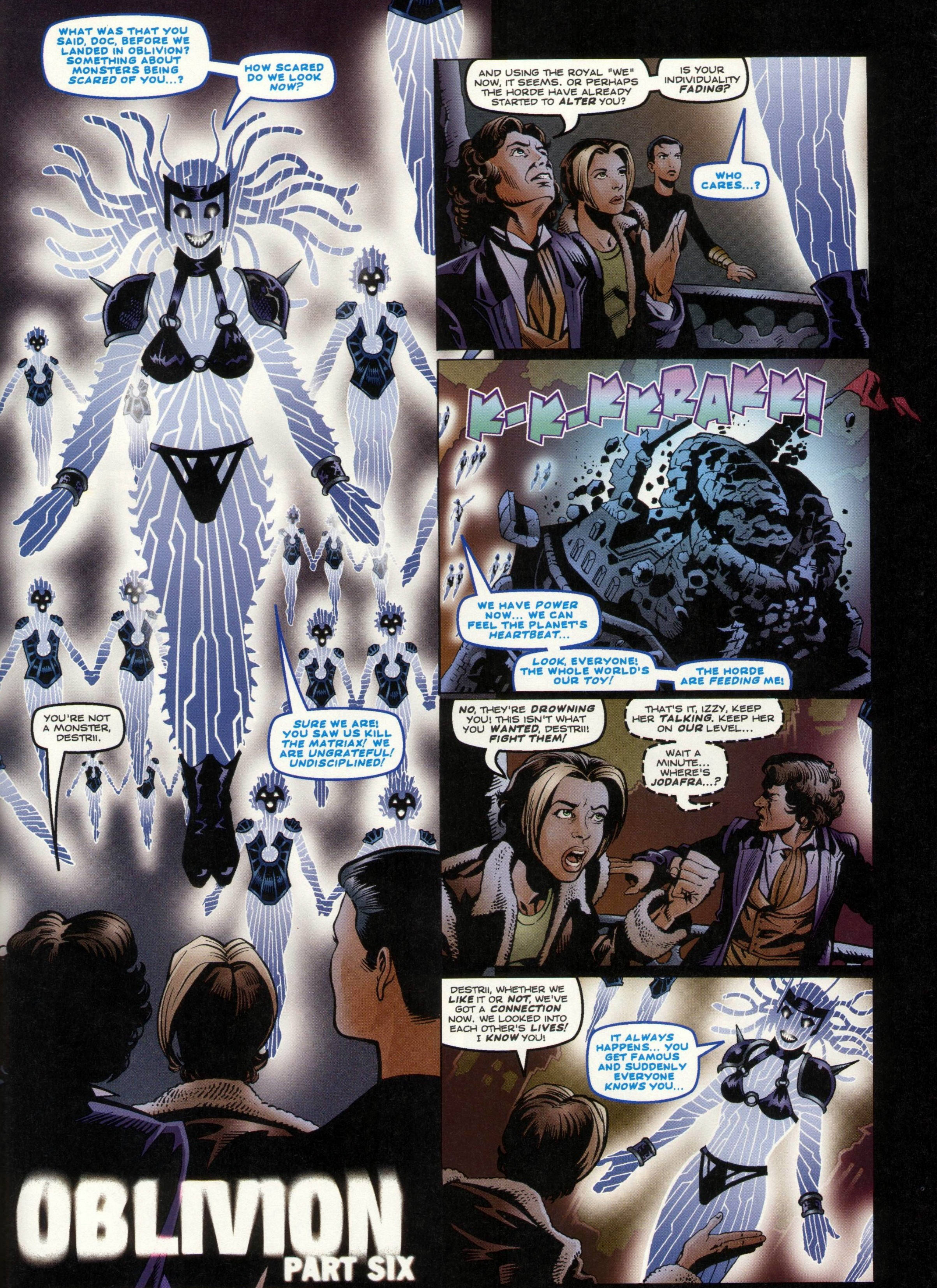
WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, DOC, BEFORE WE LANDED IN OBLIVION? SOMETHING ABOUT MONSTERS BEING SCARED OF YOU...?
HOW SCARED DO WE LOOK NOW?
YOU'RE NOT A MONSTER, DESTRII.
SURE WE ARE! YOU SAW US KILL THE MATRIAX! WE ARE UNGRATEFUL! UNDISCIPLINED!
AND USING THE ROYAL "WE" NOW, IT SEEMS. OR PERHAPS THE HORDE HAVE ALREADY STARTED TO ALTER YOU?
IS YOUR INDIVIDUALITY FADING?
WHO CARES...?
K-K-KKRAKK!
WE HAVE POWER NOW... WE CAN FEEL THE PLANET'S HEARTBEAT...
LOOK, EVERYONE! THE WHOLE WORLD'S OUR TOY!
THE HORDE ARE FEEDING ME!
NO, THEY'RE DROWNING YOU! THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU WANTED, DESTRII! FIGHT THEM!
THAT'S IT, IZZY, KEEP HER TALKING. KEEP HER ON OUR LEVEL...
WAIT A MINUTE... WHERE'S JODAFRA...?
DESTRII, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'VE GOT A CONNECTION NOW. WE LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S LIVES! I KNOW YOU!
IT ALWAYS HAPPENS... YOU GET FAMOUS AND SUDDENLY EVERYONE KNOWS YOU...

OBLIVION
PART SIX

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
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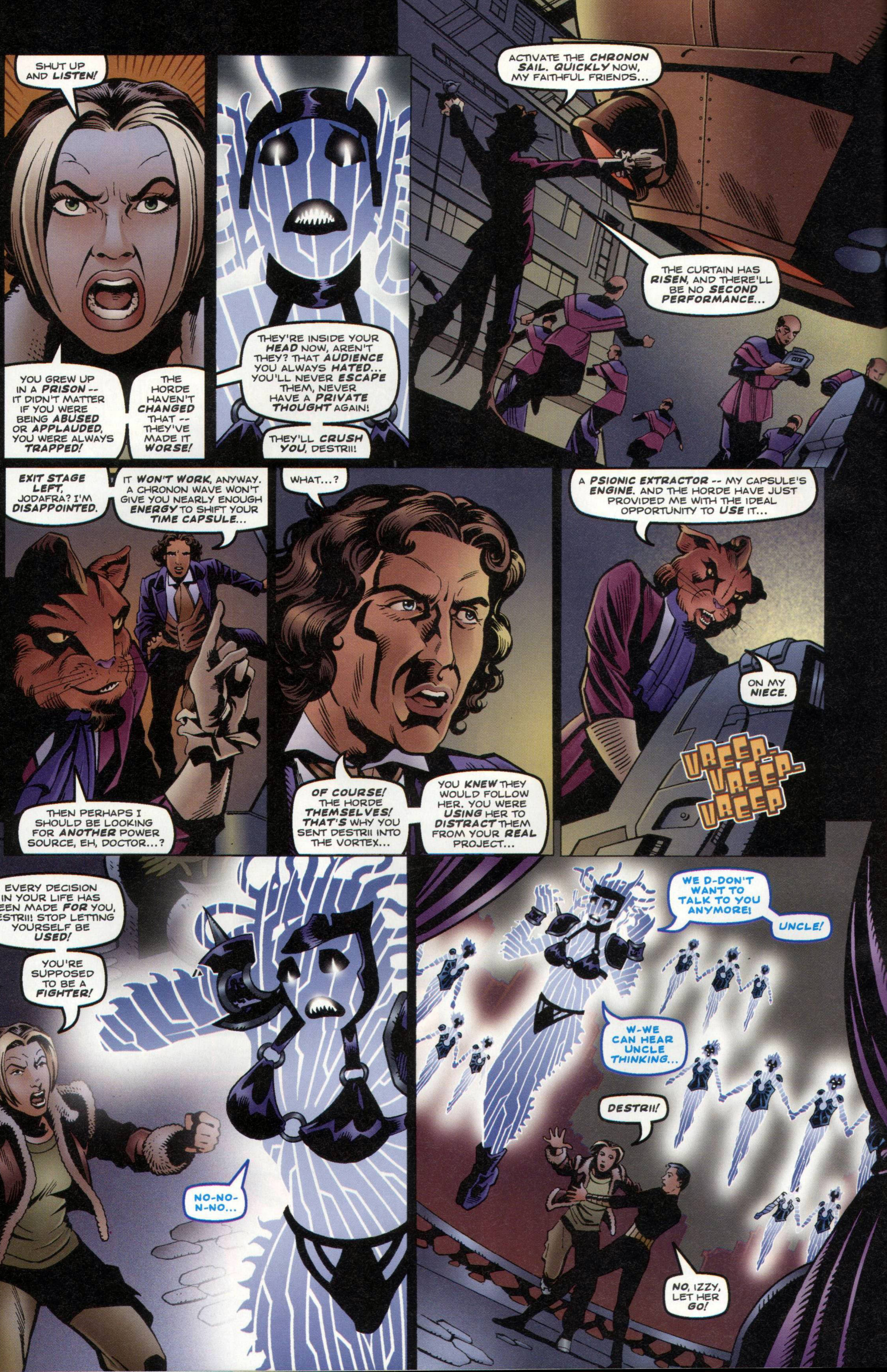
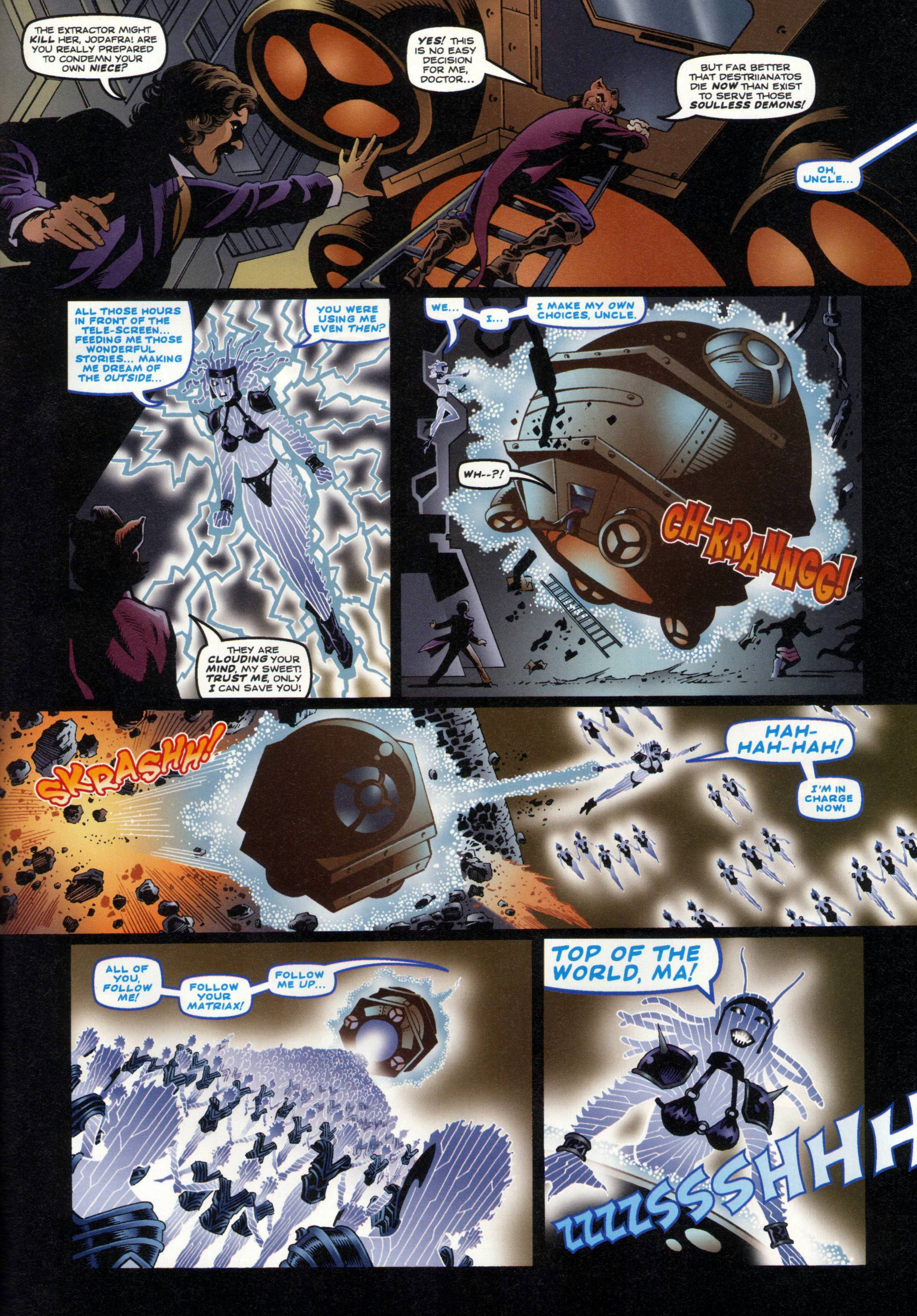
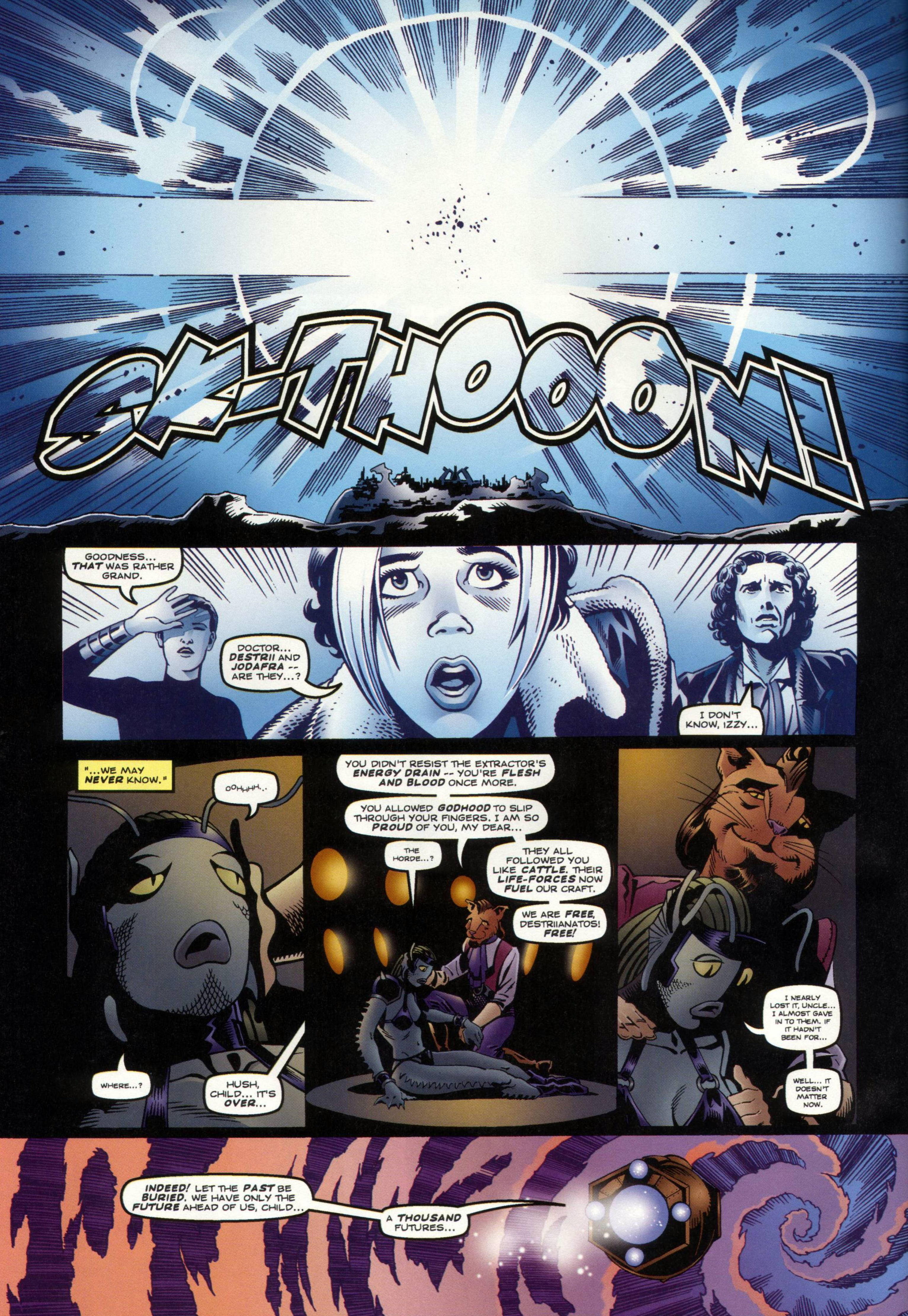
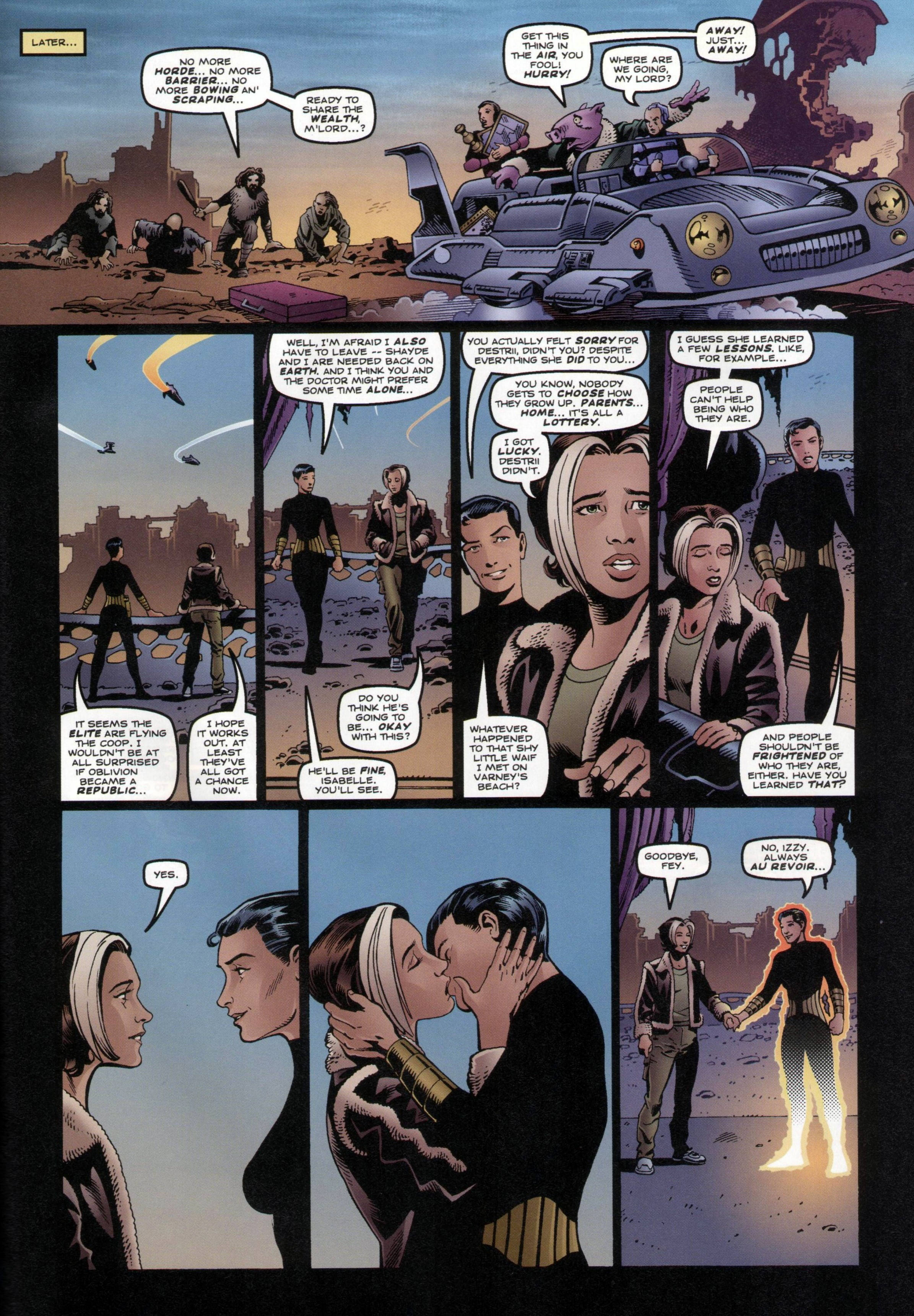
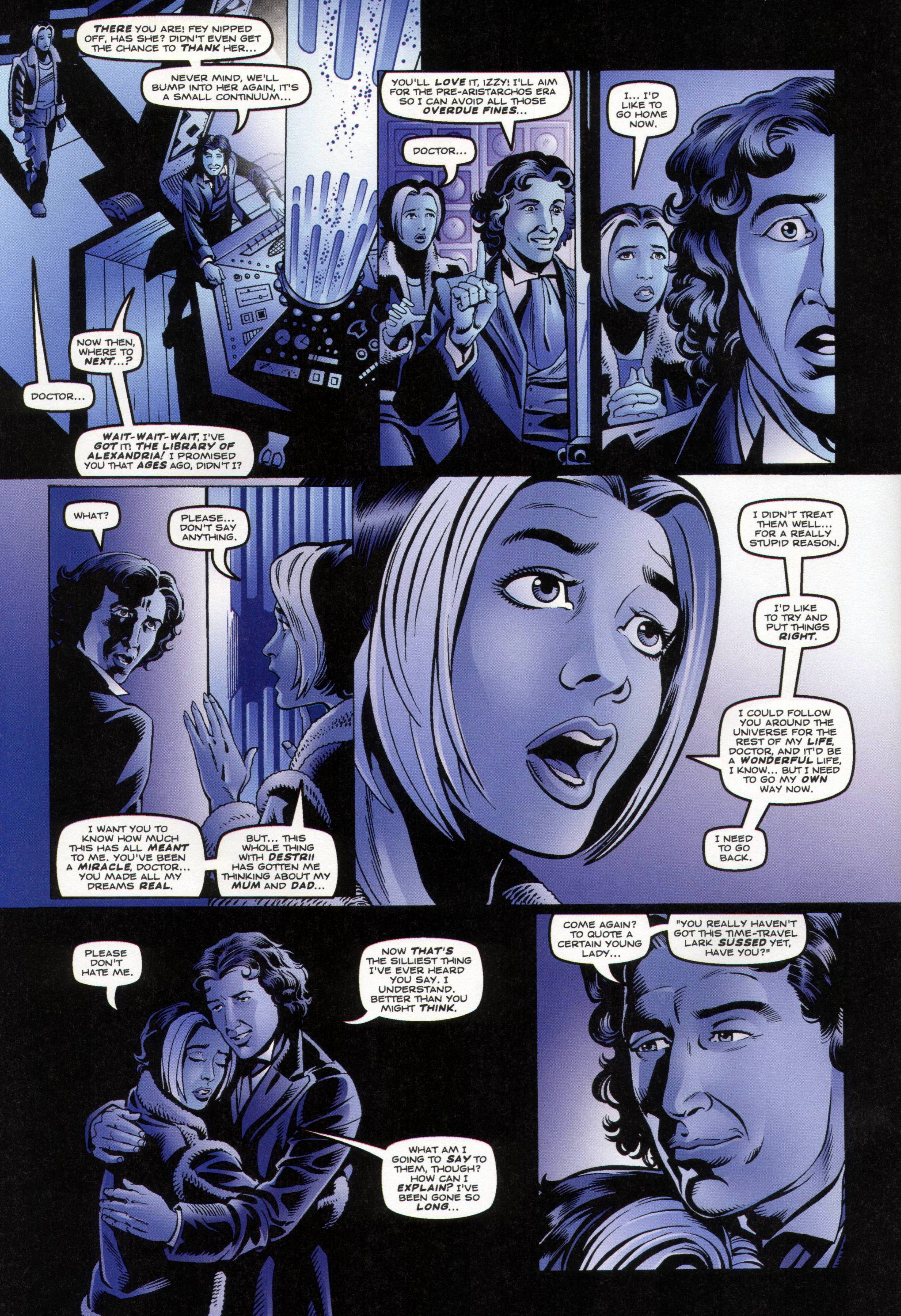
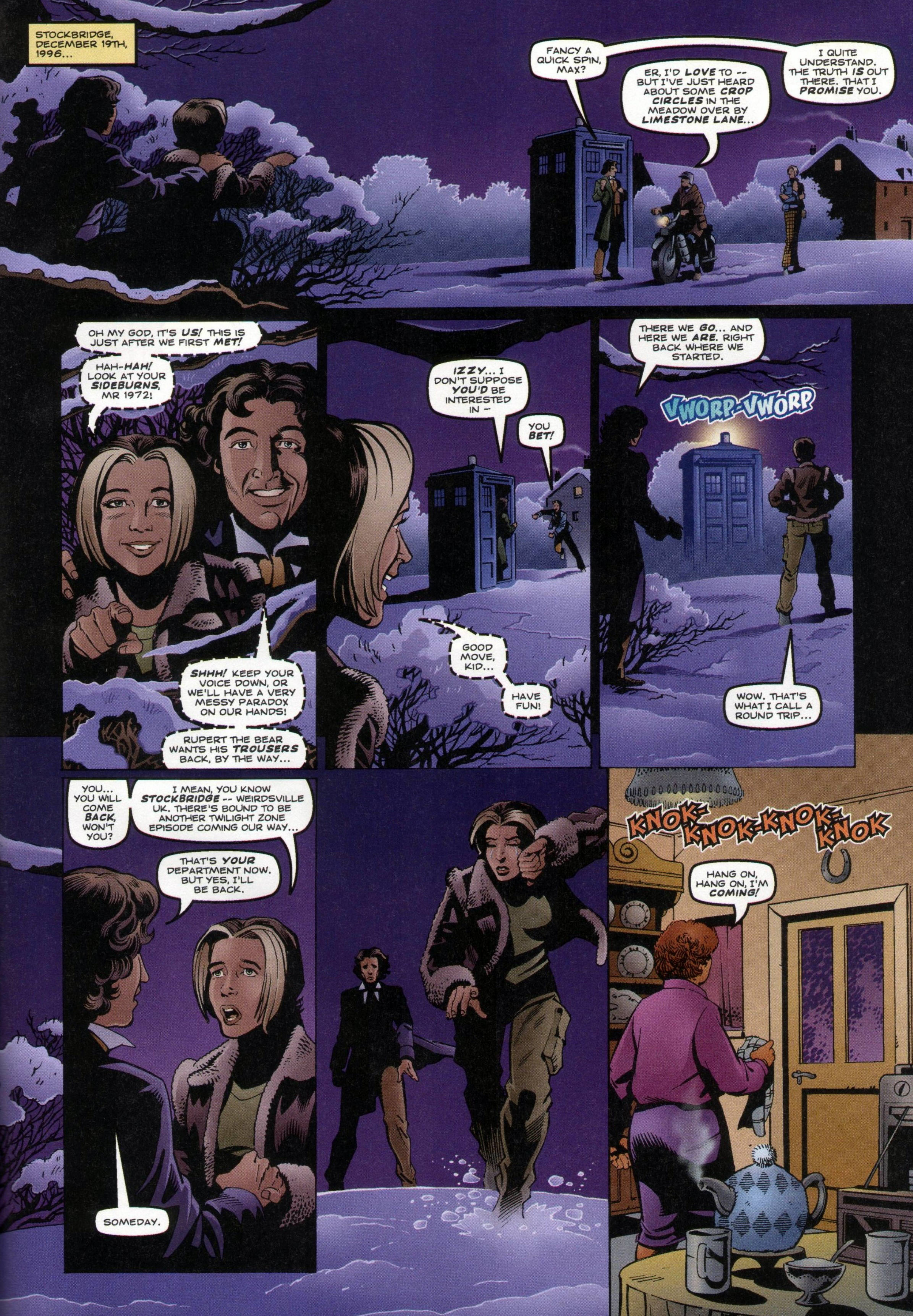

SHUT UP AND LISTEN!
YOU GREW UP IN A PRISON -- IT DIDN'T MATTER IF YOU WERE BEING ABUSED OR APPLAUDED, YOU WERE ALWAYS TRAPPED!
THE HORDE HAVEN'T CHANGED THAT -- THEY'VE MADE IT WORSE!
THEY'RE INSIDE YOUR HEAD NOW, AREN'T THEY? THAT AUDIENCE YOU ALWAYS HATED... YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THEM, NEVER HAVE A PRIVATE THOUGHT AGAIN!
THEY'LL CRUSH YOU, DESTRII!
ACTIVATE THE CHRONON SAIL. QUICKLY NOW, MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS...
THE CURTAIN HAS RISEN, AND THERE'LL BE NO SECOND PERFORMANCE...
EXIT STAGE LEFT, JODAFRA? I'M DISAPPOINTED.
IT WON'T WORK, ANYWAY. A CHRONON WAVE WON'T GIVE YOU NEARLY ENOUGH ENERGY TO SHIFT YOUR TIME CAPSULE...
THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER POWER SOURCE, EH, DOCTOR...?
WHAT...?
OF COURSE! THE HORDE THEMSELVES! THAT'S WHY YOU SENT DESTRII INTO THE VORTEX...
YOU KNEW THEY WOULD FOLLOW HER. YOU WERE USING HER TO DISTRACT THEM FROM YOUR REAL PROJECT...
A PSIONIC EXTRACTOR -- MY CAPSULE'S ENGINE. AND THE HORDE HAVE JUST PROVIDED ME WITH THE IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO USE IT...
ON MY NIECE.
VREEP-VREEP-VREEP
EVERY DECISION IN YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN MADE FOR YOU, DESTRII! STOP LETTING YOURSELF BE USED!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A FIGHTER!
NO-NO-N-NO...
WE D-DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU ANYMORE!
UNCLE!
W-WE CAN HEAR UNCLE THINKING...
DESTRII!
NO, IZZY, LET HER GO!

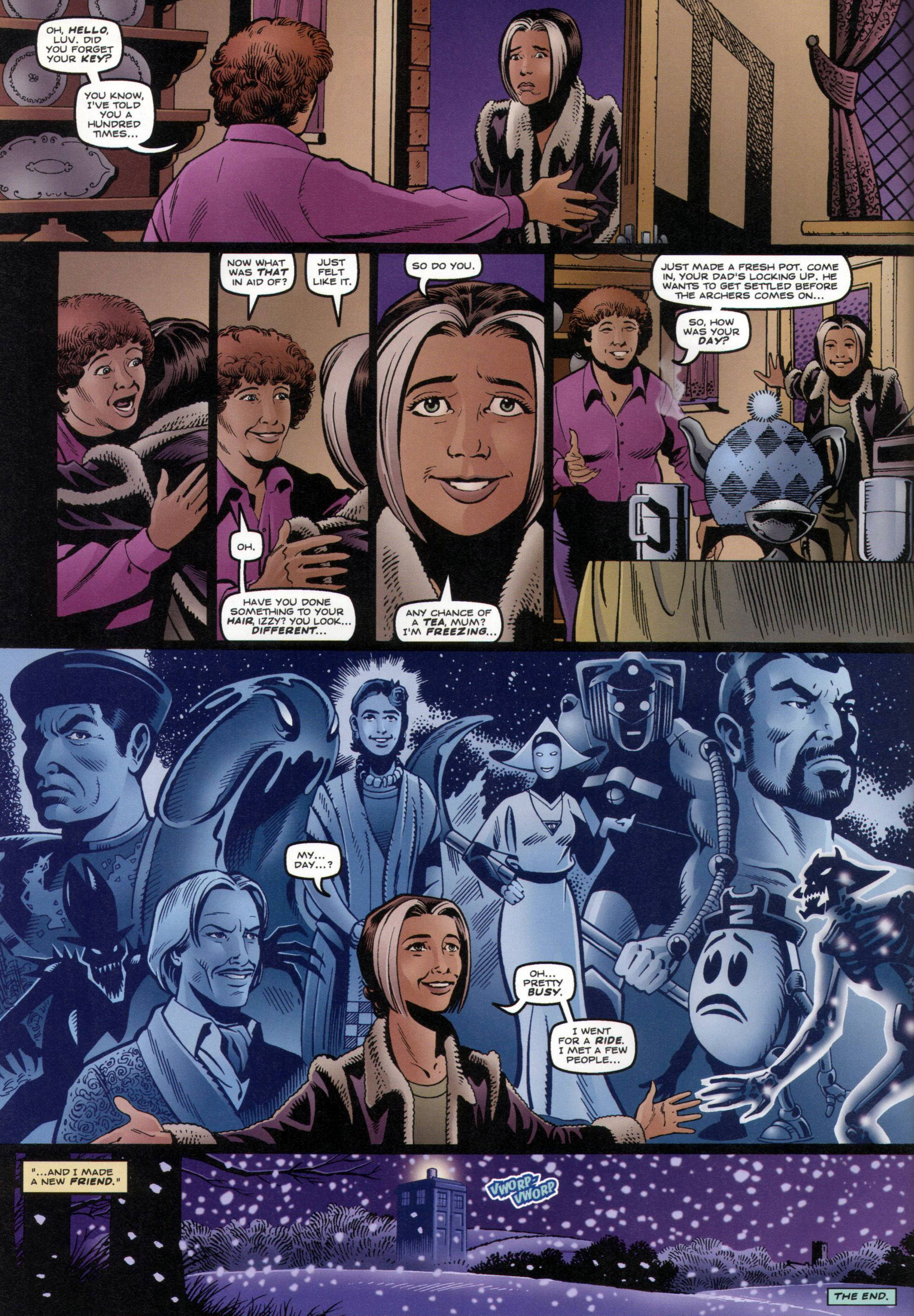

THE EXTRACTOR MIGHT KILL HER, JODAFRA! ARE YOU REALLY PREPARED TO CONDEMN YOUR OWN NIECE?
YES! THIS IS NO EASY DECISION FOR ME, DOCTOR...
BUT FAR BETTER THAT DESTRIIANATOS DIE NOW THAN EXIST TO SERVE THOSE SOULLESS DEMONS!
OH, UNCLE...
ALL THOSE HOURS IN FRONT OF THE TELE-SCREEN... FEEDING ME THOSE WONDERFUL STORIES... MAKING ME DREAM OF THE OUTSIDE...
YOU WERE USING ME EVEN THEN?
THEY ARE CLOUDING YOUR MIND, MY SWEET! TRUST ME, ONLY I CAN SAVE YOU!
WE...
I...
I MAKE MY OWN CHOICES, UNCLE.
WH--?!
CH-KRANNGG!
SKRASHH!
HAH-HAH-HAH!
I'M IN CHARGE NOW!
ALL OF YOU, FOLLOW ME!
FOLLOW YOUR MATRIAX!
FOLLOW ME UP...
TOP OF THE WORLD, MA!
ZZZZSSSSHHH


CK-THOOOM!!
GOODNESS... THAT WAS RATHER GRAND.
DOCTOR... DESTRII AND JODAFRA -- ARE THEY...?
I DON'T KNOW, IZZY...
"...WE MAY NEVER KNOW."
OOHHHH..
WHERE...?
HUSH, CHILD... IT'S OVER...
YOU DIDN'T RESIST THE EXTRACTOR'S ENERGY DRAIN -- YOU'RE FLESH AND BLOOD ONCE MORE.
YOU ALLOWED GODHOOD TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. I AM SO PROUD OF YOU, MY DEAR...
THE HORDE...?
THEY ALL FOLLOWED YOU LIKE CATTLE. THEIR LIFE-FORCES NOW FUEL OUR CRAFT.
WE ARE FREE, DESTRIIANATOS! FREE!
I NEARLY LOST IT, UNCLE... I ALMOST GAVE IN TO THEM. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR...
WELL... IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.
INDEED! LET THE PAST BE BURIED. WE HAVE ONLY THE FUTURE AHEAD OF US, CHILD...
A THOUSAND FUTURES...


LATER...
NO MORE HORDE... NO MORE BARRIER... NO MORE BOWING AN' SCRAPING...
READY TO SHARE THE WEALTH, M'LORD...?
GET THIS THING IN THE AIR, YOU FOOL! HURRY!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, MY LORD?
AWAY! JUST... AWAY!
IT SEEMS THE ELITE ARE FLYING THE COOP. I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED IF OBLIVION BECAME A REPUBLIC...
I HOPE IT WORKS OUT. AT LEAST THEY'VE ALL GOT A CHANCE NOW.
WELL, I'M AFRAID I ALSO HAVE TO LEAVE -- SHAYDE AND I ARE NEEDED BACK ON EARTH. AND I THINK YOU AND THE DOCTOR MIGHT PREFER SOME TIME ALONE...
DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO BE... OKAY WITH THIS?
HE'LL BE FINE, ISABELLE. YOU'LL SEE.
YOU ACTUALLY FELT SORRY FOR DESTRII, DIDN'T YOU? DESPITE EVERYTHING SHE DID TO YOU...
YOU KNOW, NOBODY GETS TO CHOOSE HOW THEY GROW UP. PARENTS... HOME... IT'S ALL A LOTTERY.
I GOT LUCKY. DESTRII DIDN'T.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT SHY LITTLE WAIF I MET ON VARNEY'S BEACH?
I GUESS SHE LEARNED A FEW LESSONS. LIKE, FOR EXAMPLE...
PEOPLE CAN'T HELP BEING WHO THEY ARE.
AND PEOPLE SHOULDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF WHO THEY ARE, EITHER. HAVE YOU LEARNED THAT?
YES.
GOODBYE, FEY.
NO, IZZY. ALWAYS AU REVOIR...


THERE YOU ARE! FEY NIPPED OFF, HAS SHE? DIDN'T EVEN GET THE CHANCE TO THANK HER...
NEVER MIND, WE'LL BUMP INTO HER AGAIN, IT'S A SMALL CONTINUUM...
NOW THEN, WHERE TO NEXT...?
DOCTOR...
WAIT-WAIT-WAIT, I'VE GOT IT! THE LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA! I PROMISED YOU THAT AGES AGO, DIDN'T I?
YOU'LL LOVE IT, IZZY! I'LL AIM FOR THE PRE-ARISTARCHOS ERA SO I CAN AVOID ALL THOSE OVERDUE FINES...
DOCTOR...
I... I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW.
WHAT?
PLEASE... DON'T SAY ANYTHING.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH THIS HAS ALL MEANT TO ME. YOU'VE BEEN A MIRACLE, DOCTOR... YOU MADE ALL MY DREAMS REAL.
BUT... THIS WHOLE THING WITH DESTRII HAS GOTTEN ME THINKING ABOUT MY MUM AND DAD...
I DIDN'T TREAT THEM WELL... FOR A REALLY STUPID REASON.
I'D LIKE TO TRY AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.
I COULD FOLLOW YOU AROUND THE UNIVERSE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, DOCTOR, AND IT'D BE A WONDERFUL LIFE, I KNOW... BUT I NEED TO GO MY OWN WAY NOW.
I NEED TO GO BACK.
PLEASE DON'T HATE ME.
NOW THAT'S THE SILLIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD YOU SAY. I UNDERSTAND. BETTER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.
WHAT AM I GOING TO SAY TO THEM, THOUGH? HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? I'VE BEEN GONE SO LONG...
COME AGAIN? TO QUOTE A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY...
"YOU REALLY HAVEN'T GOT THIS TIME-TRAVEL LARK SUSSED YET, HAVE YOU?"


STOCKBRIDGE, DECEMBER 19TH, 1996...
FANCY A QUICK SPIN, MAX?
ER, I'D LOVE TO -- BUT I'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT SOME CROP CIRCLES IN THE MEADOW OVER BY LIMESTONE LANE...
I QUITE UNDERSTAND. THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE. THAT I PROMISE YOU.
OH MY GOD, IT'S US! THIS IS JUST AFTER WE FIRST MET!
HAH-HAH! LOOK AT YOUR SIDEBURNS, MR 1972!
SHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, OR WE'LL HAVE A VERY MESSY PARADOX ON OUR HANDS!
RUPERT THE BEAR WANTS HIS TROUSERS BACK, BY THE WAY...
IZZY... I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN --
YOU BET!
GOOD MOVE, KID...
HAVE FUN!
THERE WE GO... AND HERE WE ARE. RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED.
VWORP-VWORP
WOW. THAT'S WHAT I CALL A ROUND TRIP...
YOU... YOU WILL COME BACK, WON'T YOU?
I MEAN, YOU KNOW STOCKBRIDGE -- WEIRDSVILLE UK. THERE'S BOUND TO BE ANOTHER TWILIGHT ZONE EPISODE COMING OUR WAY...
THAT'S YOUR DEPARTMENT NOW. BUT YES, I'LL BE BACK.
SOMEDAY.
KNOK-KNOK-KNOK-KNOK
HANG ON, HANG ON, I'M COMING!


OH, HELLO, LUV. DID YOU FORGET YOUR KEY?
YOU KNOW, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES...
NOW WHAT WAS THAT IN AID OF?
JUST FELT LIKE IT.
OH.
HAVE YOU DONE SOMETHING TO YOUR HAIR, IZZY? YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT...
SO DO YOU.
ANY CHANCE OF A TEA, MUM? I'M FREEZING...
JUST MADE A FRESH POT. COME IN, YOUR DAD'S LOCKING UP. HE WANTS TO GET SETTLED BEFORE THE ARCHERS COMES ON...
SO, HOW WAS YOUR DAY?
MY... DAY...?
OH... PRETTY BUSY.
I WENT FOR A RIDE. I MET A FEW PEOPLE...
"...AND I MADE A NEW FRIEND."
VWORP VWORP
THE END.

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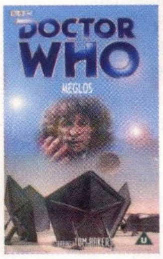

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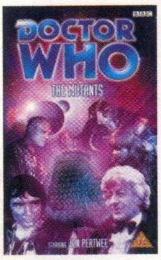

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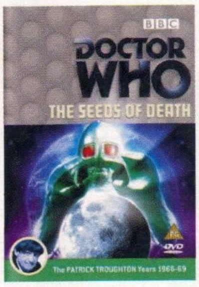

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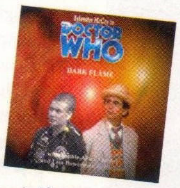

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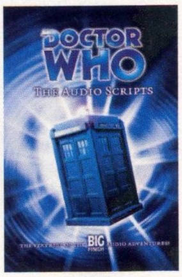

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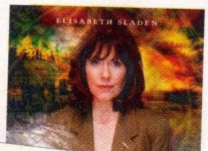

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EPISODE 294 TO EPISODE 301

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00445

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00073

One or more regulars incarcerated

00122

The Time Lords have sent the Doctor and Jo on a mission to the planet Uxarieus, a world made almost entirely of vowels and mud. We've met a gang of hirsute farmers who have fled the rat-race on Earth, and a gang of silent, balloon-headed natives. It's *The Good Life* in space; a story of brave self-sufficiency and inadvertently hilarious neighbours.

The colonists believe that two of their number have been killed by giant lizards, but the Doctor's not so sure. Investigating the scene of the crime, the Doctor is attacked by a ludicrous robot, but is saved at the last minute by an employee of the Interplanetary Mining Corporation. Jo is with the colonists, who are surviving on basic rations. Disastrously, the shaving foam ran out several months ago.

"Is this the planet of the dodgy fake beards?" wonders Richard. "None of these people have anything approaching realistic facial hair. And as for the men ..."

Jac laughs. "Well, as moustaches were 'in' in the 1970s, I guess it's a reasonable prediction for the future that they'd get bigger and eventually colonise planets all by themselves."

The Doctor is taken to the IMC ship to meet the boss, Captain Dent; a man with a hairpiece so startling that he can only be wearing it for a bet. The IMC chief is obviously a recalcitrant so-and-so. No-one who can wear a wig like that has ever worried about the opinions of others.

Clay is impressed. "Dent's scene with the Doctor, where they both conclude amicably that they are enemies, is excellent," he says. "And Dent's rationalisation of the murder of the colonists is terrific black humour."

Oh yes, IMC are behind the attacks on the colony. The planet is rich in the mineral duralinium, so it's a big Christmas bonus for the miners if they can scare the hippies away. Dent orders his henchman Morgan to rid him of the turbulent Doctor, and as we reach Episode 3, the IMC robot is again flapping its claws in the Doctor's direction. "Oh dear," says Richard. "This story has got *Mind of Evil* cliffhanger repetition syndrome. This is a carbon copy of how the first part ended."

"We still haven't seen the Master, or this Doomsday Thingy he was supposed to be after," says Jac. "Then again, that was the first episode for months with no sight of either the Master or UNIT. It's proper *Doctor Who* again!"

"It can't be proper *Doctor Who*," replies Peter. "It's not set on Earth."

"It's criminal," says Clay, "that we finally get back to an alien planet and all we get is a padded runaround. The feud between the colonists and IMC should be interesting and dramatic, but I couldn't really care less. It might as well be some farmers battling some land developers in Wiltshire. At least then we'd see some trees ..."

"That said, some of the location work in this is rather fabulous," adds Richard. "Rather than it all being filmed right up against a quarry wall, there are some rather excellent shots showing the size of the barren landscape. And the grey, leaden skies really add to the bleakness."

"The grey, leaden script really adds to the bleakness," sighs Peter. "Clay's right, this all seems so small scale compared to recent adventures. Do we really care if the colonists have to move elsewhere?"

Episode 4 begins with Jo captured by the telepathic natives, and dragged to their underground city. Perhaps there's more to Uxarieus than a disappointingly low Scrabble score ...?

"Just when you think the primitive city will give the story a new focus," says Clay, "you realise it's just another set of corridors for the Doctor and Jo get to run up and down, while he shouts 'hai!' a lot."

Back at the Colony, an Adjudicator has arrived to settle the row between the farmers and the miners. At this stage, it is traditional to express exasperation with the narrow format of Season Eight with the phrase, "Oh look. It's the Master."

"It's the Master," says Peter. "Thank God for that! I never thought I'd be so pleased to see him."

"The whole thing certainly needs a boost," agrees Richard.

In the underground city, we meet another group of natives, even uglier than the first. "I guess UNIT didn't send Jo on any diplomacy courses," says Jac. "She just has to glimpse someone who looks a bit different and she screams her head off."

"I'd scream my head off if I encountered one of those!" laughs Peter. "But they do look oddly like Pertwee, now that I come to think about it ..."

The Doctor is brought before the 'Guardian' of the city; a squat creature in an armchair who looks like a sock-puppet Ronnie Corbett. He doesn't tell a hilarious story about the producer, alas, but he does let the Doctor go free.

By Episode 5, the Doctor is investigating the Adjudicator's space rocket. "It seems rather odd," says Richard, "the Master having all these office filing cabinets in his TARDIS."

"It's a common Time Lord thing, owning filing cabinets," replies Peter. "The Monk had one in his TARDIS, didn't he?"

"They're very handy," agrees Jac. "If you want to know what the Master's next evil plan is, you just look under 'P' for 'Plans, Evil', and there you go. The Master probably has files on all the alien races he might try to team up with. There's scripts for the next three seasons in there."

"The scenes with just the Master and the Doctor are great," says Peter. "Even in the dullest of stories, their banter is always watchable."

"But the rest ..." moans Clay. "Two dull gunfights. The colonists win the first, IMC win the second. *Sooo boring!*"

The Master's plan is revealed in Episode 6. Hidden in the city is the Doomsday Thingy, which he will use to conquer the galaxy. Rather generously, he offers the Doctor a half-share. Planets 'A to M', perhaps? The Doctor spurns this kind gift.

"The most interesting scene of the story is, unsurprisingly, between the Doctor and the Master," says Clay. "The Master's

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT
Illustration by
ADRIAN SALMON

offer of universal domination is met blankly by the Doctor's 'What for?' – which is lovely. And who'd have thought the Master would have to form an alliance with the Doctor? Oh, everyone ..."

"The Doctor is hideously ingratiating to the Guardian," says Jac with a look of distaste. "All that 'yes sir, thank you sir'. He's so crawling and insincere you just want to slap him."

In the end, the Guardian opts to just blow up his Doomsday Thingy. Jac groans. "This ends with one of my personal bugbears – self sacrifice. Self sacrifice can be an incredibly moving dramatic device, but in *Doctor Who* it's usually used when no one can think of a better way of getting out of a situation. The Guardian destroys himself, his city, and lots of his people after a few words from the Doctor, and everyone just accepts it."

"Well," concludes Clay as the Doctor scoots off back to UNIT HQ. "That was the last drawn-out chapter in an adventure which degenerated from a promising 'ooh look – we're on another planet' beginning to a dull runaround with guns."

"*Very* dull," agrees Peter. "And what happened to Captain Dent? It's very unusual for the villain to escape his comeuppance. We demand justice!"

And now on BBC3, it's time for The Passing Parade. *This week, Alastair Fergus reports live from the opening of the burial mound at Devil's End. Digital viewers can press the red button on their remote control for a 'Beat Bok' game. The programme contains regional accents and alarming stock footage from the outset ...*

The UNIT team are watching telly. Doom and disaster have been predicted if Professor Horner opens the Devil's Hump tonight, and even the Doctor has the collywobbles.

"This is lovely," says Clay. "To me there doesn't seem to have been such a build-up to the 'UNIT family' as you might expect. It's just suddenly presented here as a *fait accompli* of laughter, watching the footy, eating sandwiches and seeing the Brig in bed. It's really charming – like you'd imagine a Disney version of *Doctor Who* to be."

"THIS STORY SEEMS TO HAVE CLIFFHANGER REPETITION SYNDROME"

"How strange that a story set on Earth, without the TARDIS, now feels like *proper Doctor Who*," adds Peter.

Miss Hawthorne, the local white witch, tells us that "the forces of evil are abroad tonight". So while they're away having a nice time, who do we get instead?

Oh look. It's the Master.

"What on Earth is he doing here?" demands Jac. "He turned up to take over the world with the Nestenes, and then had to hang around because the Doctor nicked a bit of his TARDIS. He only came back again because the Axons got him. But now he's decided to come back to England, just down the road from UNIT and the Doctor, and pretend to be a vicar."

Isn't it a drastic curtailment of his ambition?" wonders Peter. "Last episode he was after the entire Universe! This time, control of an English village will do."

"He can't possibly think he'll get away with it," continues Jac. "I'd love to hear a criminal psychologist analyse him. He must *want* to be caught, and caught by the Doctor at that. He's just a child wanting attention."

"I'm rather pleased to see the Master again," says Clay. "It feels so right that he's dolled up as a sinister vicar. Villages and witchcraft and dotty old ladies are so perfect for *Doctor Who* that it seems odd they haven't really appeared before."

As the Doctor rushes to stop the dig, the Master is in a cavern under the local church, summoning evil. *Eko eko Azal!*

"This is terrific stuff," gushes Peter. "Every character is interesting, the episode is building to a great climax and there's the promise of seriously spooky monsters. Result!"

Richard is less enthusiastic. "This first episode should have been so much better. An archaeological dig and the mystery of what lies buried in the barrow could have made for a really tense episode, but it all seems rather silly to me."

"I quite liked it," counters Jac. "The cliffhanger's a real shame, though. There was a really good one in there somewhere, but they just didn't find it."

Peter's response is shrill: "It was the best one in weeks!"

Episode 2, and Yates and Benton have joined the Doctor and Jo in Devil's End. The Doctor is in a coma, so everyone is blundering into trouble. "There's lots of memorable images here," says Clay. "The trail of giant hoof marks, as seen from the helicopter; the weird flagstone which duffs up Benton; the appearance of sweet little Bok the gargoyle..."

"I love the way the Brig asks about Benton and Yates," says Jac. "It sounds like they're this little rebel branch of UNIT, and the Brigadier tolerates them like he's the teacher of some cheeky but loveable kids. Well, when I say 'love', I mean I'm *amused* by it – but I actually much preferred UNIT when it was a serious military presence, not just three bumbling blokes for the Doctor to patronise."

"There is something very fresh in seeing weird magic in a programme so stuffily rationalist as *Doctor Who*," says Clay, "and the use of Bok is strikingly surreal. It isn't frightening, but *The Daemons* is attempting to widen the vocabulary of the programme a bit, and is such a relief after *Colony in Space*."

Not magic, Miss Hickman! The ancient science of the alien Dæmons! Episode 3 brings endless exposition, and the Time Team are not best pleased ...

"I'm feeling rather mixed about all of this," says Richard. "None of the explanations come from the Doctor's investigation or clever reasoning. Once again, he happens to already know about the Dæmons and their background. It's not half as interesting that way."

"I agree completely," adds Jac. "And I take it we all noticed the Doctor changed pronunciation of 'Dæmon' halfway through. That's just bad directing. I think this story is good visually, but if you go any deeper it's plain incompetent."

"Even the characters seem irritated by the slide show!" agrees Clay. "This exposition wouldn't matter if it went hand-in-hand with some plot development to back it up, but instead all we get is a helicopter chasing Bessie in a piece of undisguised padding!

"Oh, the chase sequence is all rather exciting," replies Richard, "with a well-handled pay-off. It's just rather unfortunate that it's obviously taking place on a disused airstrip rather than on the country lanes surrounding the village."

As we leave this story, the Master cowers from the Dæmon he has just summoned. "That's a cliffhanger? We're supposed to be worrying if the Master's going to be OK?" asks a shocked Jac. "Are the production team seeing this mass-murdering wannabe world-destroyer as just a funny little guy who we all should love? I have a real problem with that."

"A poor episode I think," says Clay. "This story has seen such a horrible drop-off in quality."

"I don't know," smiles Peter. "I haven't been this keen to the next episode in ages. Bring forth the Devil!"

If you have been affected by the issues facing Squire Winstanley, or have questions for Bok, join them online now for a live webchat. But now on BBC3, Johnny Vaughan Tonight, where the funnyman's guests include his father, Tobias...

DWM

AND YOU SAID...

COLONY IN SPACE

"These days this colonisation would be termed 'urban sprawl' and be considered just as bad as the life the colonists are trying to escape."
Steve Manfred, USA

"The ship has a nuclear generator, the 'super-race' is created with genetic engineering ... Aww, bless this quaint era of sci-fi before these words were code for 'Danger! Death!'"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

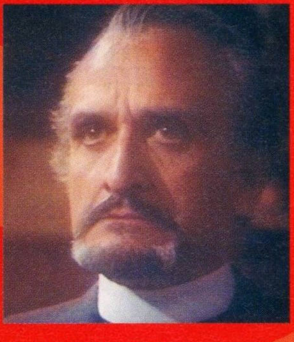
"The influence of the UK broadcasts of *Star Trek* can be felt in this story, with space travel and all its nomenclature being treated much more nonchalantly than it was in the 1960s stories."
Steve Manfred, USA

"They only did this story to make us beg to have UNIT back, didn't they? It's a plot to make us think space travel is really boring!"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

THE DÆMONS

"I think one thing that sets this story above the others in this season is how much more casual all the characters are, from the TV crew to Horner to Benton and his corned beef sandwiches. It's easily Delgado's best performance, too."
Steve Manfred, USA

"The night-time shots, with all the pelting rain and lightning, perfectly set the scene. There's even a dog, who you know will meet a sticky end ..."
Mark Hugill, London



"The heat barrier clearly stops at ground level or there'd be a moat of lava around the place, so why don't UNIT consider tunneling under it?"
Steve Manfred, USA

"At last, a cliffhanger with a character we really care about, acted well. Can we threaten the Master every week? At least Delgado doesn't gurn."
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

In **DWM** 330 the Team will be wrestling with Episodes 3 and 4 of **The Curse of Peladon** and all of **The Sea Devils** (gawd help them!) Send any comments regarding these stories to the editorial address by 1 April, or email them to **dwm@panini.co.uk** marked 'Time Team' in the subject line.

DARK SIDE

If you believe it's difficult for those outside the UK to develop an instinctive understanding of the clichéd old 'indefinable magic' of **Doctor Who**, and if **Doctor Who** ever seemed to be the last bastion of male superiority, then it's all the more remarkable that this month's **Blue Box** is the twelfth **Doctor Who**-related novel written or co-written by Australian **Kate Orman**. This year sees the tenth anniversary of publication of her first novel **The Left-Handed Hummingbird**, so we felt it was high time **DWM** spoke to the author who has put the Doctor through the emotional wringer more times than any other. What has she got against the poor guy anyway ...?

Interviewer: **DAVID DARLINGTON**

DWM: To go right back to roots – I have to ask what interested you in *Doctor Who* in the first place, and how long you have been a fan?

Kate Orman: Like many Australians of my generation, I grew up with *Doctor Who*. In the playground, a bunch of us sat around playing at doing the chant from *Planet of the Spiders*, and a teacher walked up and said, "A spider!" and pretended to step on it. I first became a fan, attending meetings and reading fanzines, in 1987 – I remember the terrific excitement of seeing *The War Games* and a clip from *Time and the Rani* at my first Doctor Who Club of Australia meeting.

On a similar note, how long have you been writing?

I'd scribbled and bit now and again as a child, but began writing regularly when I joined fandom. My ambition was to have a story or an article in every Australian fanzine. At university lectures, I had one folder for taking notes, and another folder containing my latest *Doctor Who* epic, under the desk! It should have been obvious even then that I wasn't going to have a career as a scientist.

Was *The Left-Handed Hummingbird* – commonly referred to as *Hummer* – your first attempt at a novel?

When Virgin's guidelines were published in the fanzine *DWB*, I immediately started work on my first proposal – it was a natural step from writing fan fiction to trying to do it "for real". My first submission to Virgin was my first submission anywhere. I was extraordinarily lucky to have such a good opportunity – most writers would work for years without seeing their efforts bear any fruit.

***Hummer* proclaims on the cover that it is the first novel written by an Antipodean and the first by a woman. I'm curious about staking both these claims so visibly on your first work – were these points particularly important to you in getting a *Doctor Who* novel published?**

I was – and still am – proud of having been the first non-Briton and first non-male to have a book in the line, but it was Virgin who wrote the blurb, not me. Variety has always been the key to the success of *Doctor Who*, on TV and in the books; the more varied the writers, then hopefully the more varied the books. I didn't see myself as a trail-blazer with *Hummer*, but I have encouraged other women to have a go at submitting something, and it's really great to see them succeeding. I asked a writing workshop whether they felt being female was a problem with getting a *Who* novel published, and they were more concerned about not being British! And I'm far from alone these days.

Technology has now moved on to the extent that it's feasible for people working on different continents to collaborate more or less in real time, but that certainly wasn't so ten years ago. Did you ever worry that, perhaps, you might have to impress more than a 'local' writer might?

A hard fact is that almost none of the many, many *Doctor Who* submissions sent to Virgin or to BBC Books are anything like publishable. Even a talented writer has a lot of learning and practice to do before they can create a useable proposal. Given the very small number of proposals which can be used, the editors aren't going to care where you live, as long as there's a postal service! It's just not important compared to being able to do the job. We managed just fine with phone calls and the post. Nowadays, of course, email has made everything extremely simple – no more posting huge manuscripts and allowing a week for them to arrive!

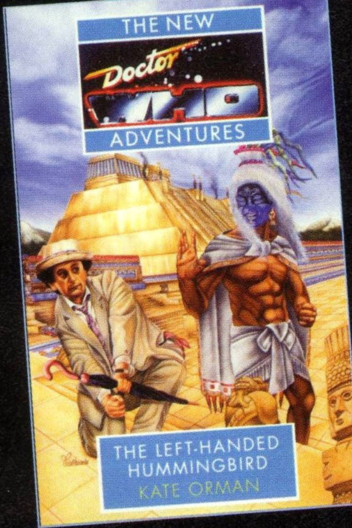
***Hummer*'s deployment of drugs, among some other contentious aspects, meant a mixed reception; it seemed to continue the polarisation started by the likes of *Timewyrm: Revelation* and *Time's Crucible* into progressive and traditional book readers – the so-called "rad" and "trad" fans. Were you trying to thus divide the audience, or is that just a side effect of trying something new?**

Hummer did poorly in the **DWM** poll for that year's books, but very well in the internet poll. **DWM** polls have traditionally favoured books with more "traditional" elements, such as returning monsters, so that's not surprising. To be honest, I didn't think about the possible reaction to the LSD stuff at all, and was surprised when some people were troubled by it. After all, it's not exactly a pro-drug novel; when the Doctor takes drugs in an attempt to contact the ghostly bad guy, said bad guy immediately takes him over and nearly kills him. That's straight from the Aztecs, who banned drink and drugs precisely because they make you vulnerable to evil spirits and a risk to the community.

I recently realised that I don't think about the reader at all when I'm writing. I don't have an audience in mind, or try to imagine or craft the response to the book. I'm not trying to shock them or anything so pretentious. I'm not even writing for me! I'm just writing – working on the words.

How soon after *Hummer* were you aware of its reception by the readership, and the possibility of getting another novel out? Did you experience 'difficult second album' syndrome?
By the time *Hummer* came out, I was participating in *rec.arts.drwho* [an internet fan forum], so I got instant feedback – which was wonderful! It's still the most popular of my Virgin *Who* novels, according to the online rankings. I started work on new submissions at once. I was still a very inexperienced writer, and really struggled to pull together a second useable synopsis – there were a lot of duds before *Set Piece* came together with a lot of help from Rebecca Levene, the editor at Virgin.

Virgin's *New Adventures*, especially the later ones, had a 'flavour' in much the same way as different eras of the TV show ...
The writers were really sparking off each other, borrowing and developing each others' ideas, influencing each others' thinking. I think that's much less the case now, and I miss that initial excitement. When I found out that the BBC were taking the licence back in-house, I was initially nervous – then reassured, when the BBC said the last thing it wanted to do was to alienate the existing readership by aiming the books at younger readers.



You wrote two and a half novels toward the end of the Virgin licence, in a period often referred to as the "autumn" of the *New Adventures*, where the impending conclusion of the range seemed to bring about a rather melancholy ethos...
Even more than the end of the range, I think those books were informed by the TV Movie – we knew our main character was looking death in the face. Those last few books, including *The Room With No Doors*, are preparing him to deal with it.

"I DON'T THINK ABOUT THE READER WHEN I'M WRITING. I HAVE NO REAL AUDIENCE IN MIND."

Of course, around the same time your personal and professional lives moved in a new direction when you got together with and married the American writer Jonathan Blum. How did two writers from different continents end up meeting and falling in love?
It's an internet romance – very 'nineties'! Jon and I met in *rec.arts.drwho*, and we chatted a great deal via email. He sent me his home-made *Doctor Who* story, *Time Rift*, and I was impressed – and thought he was very cute in his Seventh Doctor outfit. We eventually met in Chicago at the Visions '95 convention. We were pathetically in love when we concocted the idea for *Vampire Science* strolling in the botanical gardens. We were still in the stage of the relationship where it's like a Disney film and you're surrounded by bluebirds and floating lovehearts. The idea of working together on a *Who* novel was obvious and thrilling.

Jon was immediately teased about being "Linda McCartney", and still jokes that he slept his way into the novels! But the fact is, we split the work on *Vampire Science* 50/50 at every stage from planning to writing. Though there was a lot I could teach him, it was never a matter of an experienced writer propping up a talentless one; if he hadn't been a good writer, the book would have been impossible to produce. Jon's still better at plotting than I am, and works far harder at writing than I do, especially given he's got a demanding day job while I only work casually in a library a couple of afternoons a week.

Living and working together meant, of course, that one of you at least would have to move ...
We both tried living in each other's countries. I volunteered to move to the US, then got miserable and mopey, and Jon decided we'd better try Sydney instead. I enjoy our annual visits to his family and friends in DC a huge amount, with the added bonus of nostalgia – I spent two years with my family in Mclean, Virginia, from 1980 to 1982. By a seriously weird coincidence, an eight year-old Jon Blum was living only 40 minutes' drive away ...

It's fascinating to think what life might have been like if we'd moved there instead of here ... I think we'd both have had to work at lot harder at waged jobs, just to stay afloat, which would definitely be a minus. So much of writing depends on coincidences; books you happen to pick up, a TV documentary you happen to watch, someone you happen to meet ... it definitely would have been different.

Is it true that *Vampire Science* was originally intended to feature Grace Holloway from the TV Movie?
We wrote 30,000 words of the book with Grace, and were then told we couldn't use her. We've never been told why, but we assume it had something to do with the agreements with Universal and Fox.

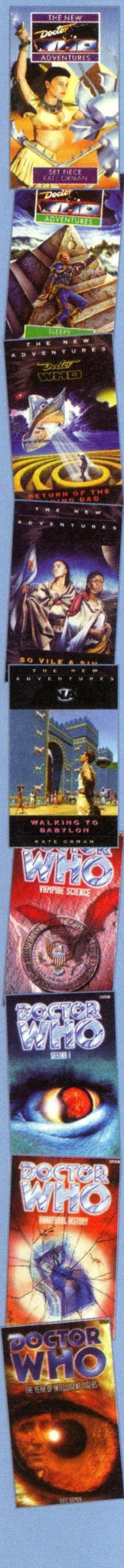
You were in among the first batch of writers striving hard to recapture the nuances of 60 minutes' worth of Eighth Doctor, but a few dozen books down the line, he is – even more so than the *New Adventures'* Seventh Doctor – almost a completely different person now.
We watched lots of McGann's other appearances in movies and TV, to get a general flavour of his mannerisms and voice. The struggle, at the beginning of the BBC books, was to avoid making the Eighth Doctor either a "generic" Doctor, or making him too light. He's often quite fluffy in the TV Movie, but there's also a hardness there, an anger – a quality Lance Parkin has called "steel". I'm pleased with the recent changes to the Eighth Doctor's character, post-*The Ancestor Cell*. He's never going to be a manipulator or plotter or morally ambiguous character like the Seventh Doctor; but he's more grown-up, a little more melancholy and angry and a bit less Smurf-like.

I think the BBC books have now hit their stride – producing some excellent work, and still managing to be surprising now and again.

***Seeing I* is a particularly good example of one trait of yours – taking what seems like great pleasure in treating the Doctor very badly. You seem to have shied away from this since. Were you worried you might start to repeat yourself, or did you just think you'd given the poor sod enough of a battering?**
I've been deliberately toning down the whole torture

THE KATE ORMAN GUIDE TO KATE ORMAN

NOVELS



THE LEFT-HANDED HUMMINGBIRD
"My first baby! I flinch when I read bits of it now. I'm still fascinated by, and writing about, the Aztecs."

SET PIECE
"Kate learns to plot, the hard way. There's a bit where I panic for a chapter. No-one else seems to notice."

SLEEPY
"A bit more like a mainstream science fiction novel, with a space colony, artificial intelligence, and all that."

RETURN OF THE LIVING DAD
"I actually sent a copy of this to the women at Greenham Common, who were very kind about it!"

THE ROOM WITH NO DOORS
"I wrote this very, very fast, and was surprised when it turned out to be as popular as it did. I was a Zen Buddhist for a year; now I'm a Pagan. Both religions have crucially informed my stuff."

SO VILE A SIN
"All the good bits are Ben Aaronovitch's. Filling in the rest was some of the toughest work I've done; had I known just how tough beforehand, I probably wouldn't have tried!"

WALKING TO BABYLON
"I read a bunch of Iain M Banks after writing this, and blushed."

VAMPIRE SCIENCE
(with Jonathan Blum)
"Young writers in love!"

SEEING I
(with Jonathan Blum)
"Young writers still in love. One of them – me – writes endless, tedious chapters about prison life. Other writer sensibly cuts them. Teamwork developing."

UNNATURAL HISTORY
(with Jonathan Blum)
"Original idea comes during honeymoon in San Francisco. Teamwork falls apart as young newlyweds fight over every line of the book. A harsh lesson in working and living together."

THE YEAR OF INTELLIGENT TIGERS
(based on a story by Jonathan Blum and Kate Orman)
"As an experiment, I tried hard to make this a stand-alone novel which anyone could read without knowing *Doctor Who*. I had lots of fun creating the Tigers and their tempestuous world, with the help of documentaries on cable!"

BLUE BOX
"What a nostalgia trip! I still have my 'I LOVE MY IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER' badge."

thing since *Return of the Living Dad* – it had become a running joke in fandom, and so was losing its effectiveness. Besides, *Seeing I* can't compete with *Interference* for realistic, degrading Doctor torture! *Seeing I*'s ever-so-nice prison was inspired by the solitary confinement of Mordechai Vanunu, kidnapped and secretly tried by Israel for spilling their nuclear secrets. These days it makes me think of Australia's detention camps for asylum seekers, and the government's exaggerated boasts about their wonderful facilities. Anyway, the whole idea was to put the Doctor into a humane and kindly prison – the only problem is that he can't get out of it. Like the detainees here in Australia, he quietly loses his mind.

Why do horrible things to the Doctor at all?
Because if he's in danger, we – the audience – are concerned and involved. And to show that, no matter how awful the situation gets, the Doctor never gives up. He can walk through any fire.

It's perhaps a little surprising you only wrote one Benny Summerfield novel, *Walking To Babylon*. I do seem to remember reading a rumour that *The Mary-Sue Extrusion* was originally intended to be a novel by you. Is this true, and if so what happened?
Virgin asked me for a title for a possible upcoming book, and I jokingly suggested *The Mary-Sue Extrusion*. When they came back to me to commission the book, I was already deep in another project and couldn't go ahead with it. I later found out they'd already scheduled the book, and *somebody* had to write it!

"I GIVE THE DOCTOR A HARD TIME TO SHOW THAT HE NEVER GIVES UP, NO MATTER WHAT."

With *The Year of Intelligent Tigers*, and even more now with *Blue Box*, there's less input from Jon ...
My ego makes it tough to for me to co-write; it's no fun fighting with Jon over some plot point. Plus his day job leaves him without much spare time or energy. Nonetheless, his input was crucial for both books; each time I say "Go away! I want to write by myself!" I end up begging him for help with plotting. Jon also contributed lots of local knowledge and computer know-how.

It's very easy to get stuck in the middle and need some help untangling the mess you've created, and that's where someone else's fresh perspective and encouragement can be a huge help! When I was feeling pretty awful about *Blue Box*, somewhere in the middle, I had lunch with horror writer Kyla Ward, and in many ways her encouraging feedback on the book allowed me to get on with it.

Of course, the title's just a little disingenuously misleading, isn't it?
The moment I came across the term "blue box" – a device for conning the phone system into giving you free long-distance calls – I knew I had my title. It's a deliberate joke that the TARDIS appears nowhere in the book ...

And for the first time ever, with *Blue Box* you've written for an 'old' Doctor ...
There are some characteristics the Doctors all share – the impulsiveness, the idealism, the eccentricity – but I don't see them all as the same character; I dislike books with a generic Doctor. I'd always wanted to write a Sixth Doctor story; when I first started writing fan fiction in my late teens, he was "my" Doctor. I'd even submitted a novel, *The Pinocchio Virus*, to Virgin, but it kept being pushed aside by other projects. *Blue Box* was originally an Eighth Doctor proposal but Justin Richards suggested changing it to the Sixth, I think for scheduling reasons, and then it took two years to slot it into the schedule anyway. Amusingly, this meant that Peri ended up with some of the brainy stuff Anji was supposed to do!

Given that the tale concerns computers, did you contemplate using Mel instead?
I never even considered Mel. It seems too obvious to have a story just so you can use the companions' job! Plus I dislike the character and couldn't have done her justice – I was terribly impressed by *Millenial Rites*, which made her both real and likeable! On the other hand, I've always liked Peri, and felt sorry for her – she's just a kid who tries to do her best.

And as well as utilising the phone system, *Blue Box* centres on early developments in computer networking – a "birth of the internet" thriller, even.
I collect scary stories about phones. The idea of a system that lets you talk to someone without being seen, without them even knowing who you are – whether it's the phone, or a computer – is both creepy and fascinating. I've wanted to write something about that eerie feeling ever since I read Cliff Stoll's true story of catching a computer spy, *The Cuckoo's Egg*.

I had a huge amount of fun, and wasted a huge amount of time, researching the technology of the period. In film and TV in the early 1980s, computers could do anything. In the real world, the internet was a few hundred machines, *Pac-Man* was state of the art, and IBM was producing its first home computers. In *Knight Rider* or *War Game*, computers could be your best friend, start a world war, find out anything about you. I love that contrast between what computers can really do and what we imagine they can do.

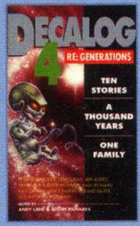
I've also been reading stuff like *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *On The Road*, and wanted to capture a little of that macho first-person storytelling. I didn't actually think of *Who Killed Kennedy* until someone pointed it out to me! Fair's fair, David Bishop got there first!

Yourself and Jon have a Telos novella, *Fallen Gods*, due out later this year. What else are you up to?
My big project is my original SF novel, something that's years overdue. I'm discussing the possibility of co-written *Doctor Who* novels with a couple of other authors. Plus there are some non-*Who* short stories in the in-tray...

In conclusion, which of your novels do you think have been most and least popular and personally satisfying?
Hummer is the most popular of my Virgin books, the least popular being *Sleepy*. Out of the Beeb novels, top is *Tigers* and bottom is *Vampire Science*. I usually rely on the online rankings, mostly because I tend to agree with them. I was very satisfied by *Tigers*, because I'd set out to write a novel which anyone could read, not just a *Who* fan, and I think I succeeded reasonably well. I wish I'd had far more time to work on *So Vile A Sin*. I really just stitched together Ben's bits. I could have done much more with it.

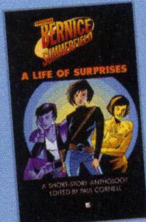
Ten years is a hell of a long time. I was like a schoolgirl when I wrote *Hummer*. I've had a lot of experiences since then ...

THE SHORT STORIES



NO-ONE GOES TO HALFWAY THERE
(from *Decalog 4 Re:Generations*)
"Paul Cornell loaned me the book Hyperspace, and I've had an obsession about higher dimensions ever since – they also turn up in *Return of the Living Dad* and *Unnatural History*."

STEAL FROM THE WORLD
(from *Professor Bernice Summerfield And The Dead Men Diaries*)
"Based on a throwaway remark in a Jim Mortimore novel somewhere. He relishes doing horrible things to the characters even more than I do!"

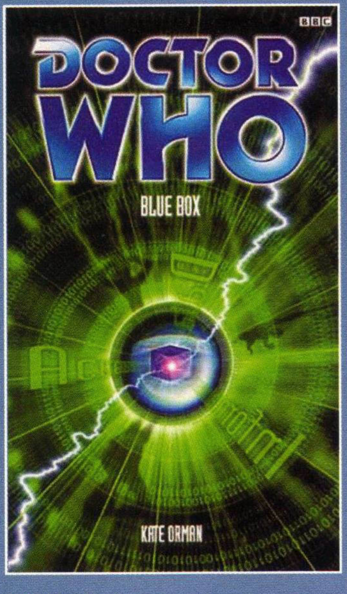


SOLAR MAX AND THE SEVEN-HANDED SNAKE-MOTHER
(from *Professor Bernice Summerfield: A Life of Surprises*)
"Inspired by a TV documentary and by Kali, the Hindu deity. It's great to be able to write a little about Benny from time to time; she's the best creation of the *Who* novels."

COMING **UP...**

BLUE BOX

A NOVEL BY **KATE ORMAN**



Published 10 March
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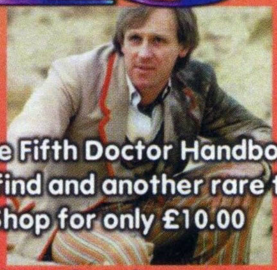

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DWM REVIEWS

WARNING: SPOILERS AHEAD!

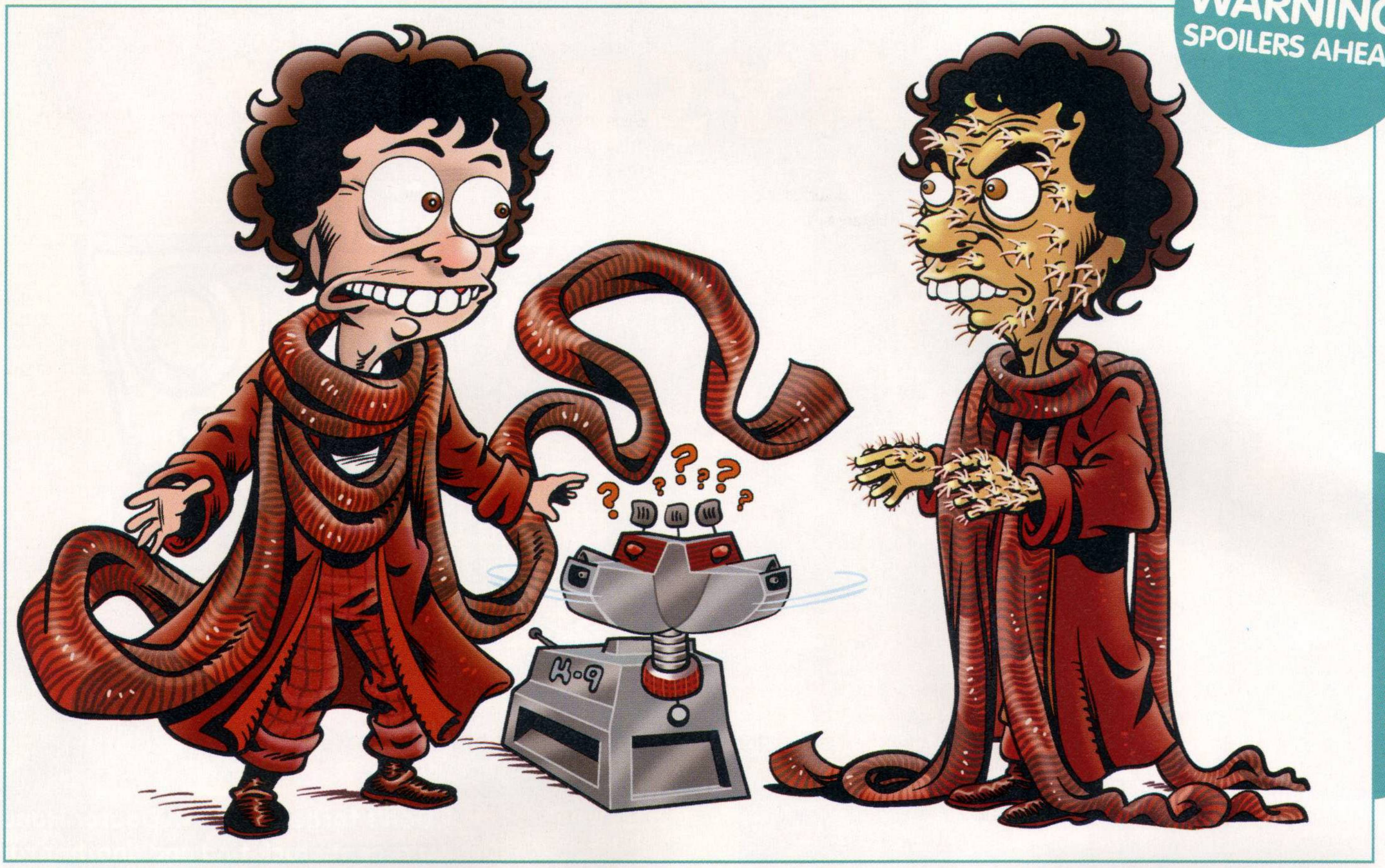
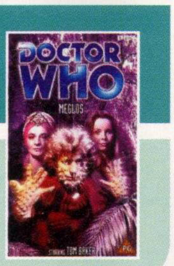


ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

DOCTOR WHO: MEGLOS



VIDEO BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHORS JOHN FLANAGAN & ANDREW McCULLOCH
RRP £13.99 **CAT NO** BBCV 7332
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

Meglos may be the least loved story of Season Eighteen, but it certainly isn't cactus. John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch's script is clear and orderly. Part One, in particular, is a neat little thing, introducing the Savants and Deons in the first half, and Meglos, Grugger and the other Gaztak mercenaries in the second. It is, though, slow to involve the Doctor – the TARDIS banter foreshadowing the protracted starts of the Colin Baker era. The chronic hysteresis scenes, however, are a delight, with Tom and Lalla battling a noisy console prop to bring us a brilliantly-timed pastiche of their usual performances, as they attempt to nudge the time loop out of phase. Then there's Terence Dudley, whose direction finds some nice angles on some rather bland set design. On the other hand, he fails to make anything of the jungle, said to be alive with "aggressive vegetation", but apart from the ridiculous bell-plants, looking dead and tiny.

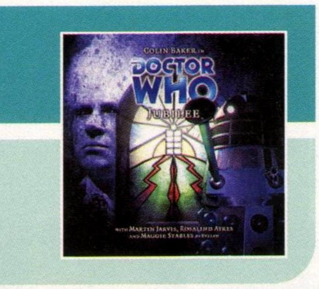
Of course, most of this is by the by. *Meglos*' appeal lies in it being another Doctor doppelganger story. If it doesn't work quite as well as previous examples – the Abbot of Amboise's likeness to the First Doctor, and Salamander's to the Second – it's probably because natural doppelgangers are more eerie than those who fake it. It might also have been better if we'd been introduced to a humanoid cactus from the start – Meglos minus the kidnapped Earthling would still need the Gaztaks to take him to Tigella. The idea that Meglos is a plant is a fair one, sharing a lot with the Howard Hawks film *The Thing*, and even more with the original John W Campbell story, perhaps tellingly titled *Who Goes There?*, where the alien creature is not only revealed to be a vegetable, but a shape-shifter as well. Tom Baker glowers through his performance as Meglos, but in a way, the sheer length of time he'd been playing the Doctor works against him being as effective as he might be. Meglos' bad temper and aloofness we've seen many times as facets of the genuine article – even the little shove he gives Savant Caris looks timid against the aggression on display in something like *The Seeds of Doom*. By the same turn, when Meglos and the Gaztaks head back to Zolfa-Thura, Baker's delivery is so warm and familiar that for a moment you think there's been a switch. The best moments are those when Baker isn't saying anything, where, creeping about in full cactus make-up, he effects a kind of silent movie menace.

It's perhaps natural with doppelganger stories, that it's always the evil twin that gets the attention. It's a shame, however, that no story ever dealt with the psychological effect a doppelganger might have on the Doctor himself – particularly one who is cleverer and wittier than the real thing, as happens in the quietly impressive British thriller, *The Man Who Haunted Himself*. Sticking with what we did get, two areas that gained a lot of focus back in 1980 were the casting of Barbara Wright actress Jacqueline Hill as Priestess Lexa, and the use of scene-sync for the surface and screens of Zolfa-Thura. I've heard scene-sync referred to as "Super CSO", an oxymoron if there ever was one. Hill, on the other hand, is excellent. I'm sure a hundred other actresses could've done it just as well, but they wouldn't have had Hill's handicap of previously playing a companion. Hill doesn't show us anything of Barbara – in fact, with all the priestess baggage, we see rather more of Yetaxa.

Looking back at *Meglos*, it's a surprise to see how much comedy there is. It's tempting to think of Season Eighteen as gloomy, most of it played out in the shadow of the Doctor's impending regeneration. *Meglos*, though, exists on the very edge of this, with a happy TARDIS crew as yet untroubled by CVEs, the Master, or even Matthew Waterhouse. Season Seventeen is alive and well in the scenes with Grugger and the unruly Gaztaks, particularly in their first encounter with Meglos, which perhaps unwisely plays up the absurdity of his original form; and when Romana confuses them with her 'anti-clockwise' route marches through Tigella's jungle. There's also a moment of pure *City of Death* brilliance when the Doctor escapes a guard by asking him whether he thinks one of Zolfa-Thura's screens is vertical, and if he wouldn't mind holding it up. The future, however, is inescapable – Tom looks tired and gaunt, and Gallifrey has just demanded Romana's return. Like *The Hand of Fear* before it, *Meglos* is another quiet, but not insignificant, end.

BAKER, AS MEGLOS, CREEPS ABOUT WITH 'SILENT MOVIE' MENACE

DOCTOR WHO: JUBILEE


COLIN BAKER in
DOCTOR WHO
JUBILEE
with Martin Jarvis, Rosalind Ayres and Maggie Stables as Evelyn

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHORS ROBERT SHEARMAN
RRP £13.99 **ISBN** 1 84435022 3
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

Initially, Robert Shearman's *Jubilee* seems deliberately as iconoclastic as Derek Jarman's 1977 film of the same title. Surely, one might think, this piece, provocatively absurd and horrific cannot possibly be celebrating the essence of the Doctor and his arch-enemies? However, a modicum of patience soon reveals that the author not only appreciates *Doctor Who*'s agenda, but can align it with his own to yield a social satire as entertaining as it is insightful.

Those looking for a satisfying time paradox along the lines of the Doctor's last two sound-only encounters with the Daleks will be disappointed. The science fiction here is insubstantial, and serves only to facilitate a human drama that nevertheless ultimately justifies it. Better by far, to concentrate on the fictional icons here and the actual ones they represent. And do concentrate, because although *Jubilee* is primarily a satire of post-war Britain, it also plays with a few of *Doctor Who*'s holies at the same time, and it's easy to be distracted by, for example, singing Daleks.

This alternate present-day, in which a Dalek invasion a century ago was utterly vanquished, exhibits an utter wrongness personified by England's leader, President Rochester and his first lady, Miriam. They are a pair of grotesques who make television's Tubbs and Edward look as normal as Posh and Becks. Economically, rather than having the Doctor and Evelyn arrive in the blitzed streets of London and work their way to the power, they land on Rochester's doorstep, in the first of the story's superficial similarities to last year's *The Time of the Daleks*. And so, again, this society is shown through its leader rather than his subjects.

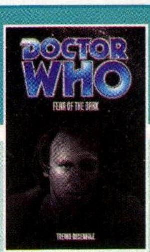
Only Martin Jarvis could play this troubled king so well, drawing on the oratorical style which made his Governor such a class act in *Vengeance on Varos*, and by contrast, the youthful playfulness of his Radio 4 readings of *Just William* when in private with fictional (and actual) wife Rosalind Ayres. At first, credibility is a little strained by their suddenly dropping and replacing their masks. Could such a whimsical pair really reach the top? Well, Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson could have, and their correspondence was famously slushy. Eventually, what one has suspected all along is confirmed – the pair of them are as mad as they sound.

Like Edward and Mrs Simpson, the Rochesters enjoy dabbling with the enemy, in this case, the story's third fascinatingly insane character, a Dalek prisoner of war held in the Tower of London. Daleks, traditionally as articulate and forthcoming as professional footballers, do not cope well, it seems, with a century of solitary incarceration and torture, and this one has snapped. Gone are it's inhibitions about using the first or second person, and so the expected "Proceeding to base" or "The prisoner will stand" are swept away by much more human-like dialogue, enriched by the previously unheard "I", "Me" and "You". This allows what has never happened before in *Doctor Who* – intelligent conversation between the Doctor and a Dalek.

At *Jubilee*'s heart is the lesson that we mock the evil we have vanquished at our peril – Rochester and his people have made an icon of the Daleks since his forebear defeated them, chicken wire and ballcocks replacing the moustache and goose-step perpetuated by British comedians since 1945. But it's not just mockery – this England has adopted not only Dalek technology, but also their speech patterns – they say "Exterminate" and abhor the use of contractions. They believe themselves innately superior, as we do now. I still can't see the implied link from harmless *'Allo 'Allo* to the ugly arrogance of our own attitude to the rest of the world, but the author's point, that the winners write history and justify their actions by shifting blame elsewhere, is all too apparent in the real 2003.

There's fun to be had as well, and this drama would work very well on stage, although I refute Rochester's claim that "Anything with a Dalek on sells millions – especially in the jubilee year", this intelligent, passionate piece certainly deserves to.

DOCTOR WHO: FEAR OF THE DARK



NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR TREVOR BAXENDALE
RRP £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 53865 1
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

Trevor Baxendale is the George A Romero of *Doctor Who* novels. His last effort, *Eater of Wasps*, paid homage to the grisly Jeff Goldblum version of *The Fly*. He's at it again here, pitting a mysterious, ancient evil against a group of pirates posing as archaeologists, who are seeking valuable minerals on the most remote planet in the galaxy. Unfortunately, his source material is far less promising this time around, for *Fear of the Dark* comes across as a hybrid of the Famke Janssen movie *Deep Rising* and *Arc of Infinity*.

Those unfortunate enough to be familiar with *Deep Rising* will recall that it features nasty monsters that are all teeth and ... well, teeth, that can strip a man down to the bone in an instant, qualities shared by *Fear of the Dark*'s Bloodhunter. The initial scenes of this Bloodhunter striking without warning to depopulate the ranks of the space pirates are reasonably effective. However, like *Deep Rising*, the book falls apart into endless sequences of hapless extras being gruesomely slaughtered. After the shock of doting father "Bunny" Cheung's demise – without a doubt the novel's most savagely effective moment, particularly as he so narrowly escaped death only pages before – we quickly become desensitised to the violence, and the ensuing orgy of gore becomes meaningless. Like the B-movies he is so keen to emulate, Baxendale only lets our heroes survive, and when the Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan leave in the TARDIS having saved no-one but themselves, the reader feels cheated. It would only work had the author managed to convey the horrible enormity of the massacre, and its effects on the lead characters. But Baxendale is no John Lucarotti, and his failure to give any significance to the astronomical body count cheapens the book, and leaves his readers thinking "so what?"

The characterisation is no more than one would expect from a low-budget horror flick. We don't really get under the skin of any of these clichés: there is the gentle giant who wants to get back to his daughter, the embittered woman with a heart of gold, her former lover who sold out to the corporation but now doubts his decision etc. Even their thoughts seem to come from a writers' handbook – when Tegan thinks that Nyssa has 'a strong scientific background', we wonder whether we are reading the words of Baxendale or Bidmead. Nyssa comes out of it better than anyone else, with the author taking some time to develop the gutsier companion we've heard in the Big Finish audios, but it's nothing new. Each plot development treads a well-worn path: Lawrence and Stoker are still secretly in love; Cadwell is not a traitor, but in fact wants to destroy the Dark; the scientist Oldeman is not as innocent as he appears, and so on.

By setting *Fear of the Dark* immediately after *Arc of Infinity*, Baxendale shoots himself in the foot; he spends too little time exploring Tegan's feelings about returning to a life of time travel. In addition, shadows of *Arc*'s plot flicker in and out of the book. The Dark is a creature from beyond our universe, not bound by our physical laws, and trapped in a single chamber until its servant brings it the sustenance it needs. To manifest itself here, it fixes on the Doctor, adopting his form.

Worst of all for a book that is so proud of its horror credentials, *Fear of the Dark* just isn't frightening. The most chilling books scare because the author is able to put across the psychological effects the uncanny has on its victims. Sadly, we don't know or care enough about these characters to be interested by their fears – there isn't anything intrinsically bladder-loosening in reading about characters standing in the dark, or being eaten by a monster.

Fear of the Dark is not a dreadful book. It is, however, wholly unremarkable. Baxendale doesn't manage to make us care about his characters, and, as a result, he cannot make us care about the horrors they face. Because we can't buy into the book, it becomes as desiccated and empty as the Bloodsucker's desanguinated victims.

You won't need to sleep with the lights on after this one.

ALSO RELEASED

MUSIC FROM DOCTOR WHO: THE FIFTH/SIXTH DOCTOR AUDIO ADVENTURES

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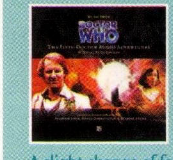

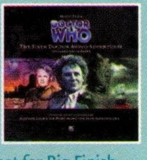

A slight change of format for Big Finish music. Following the Eighth Doctor release last year, other Doctors, previously used to sharing releases, now graduate to discs of their own too. The McGann release featured four compositions, lasted two hours and felt every minute. The Fifth and Sixth Doctor discs cover three, and are brought in at a more palatable 70 minutes each.

The Fifth Doctor first, with Alistair Lock handling *Loups Garoux*, David Darlington *Eye of the Scorpion* and Russell Stone the *Keeper of Traken* prequel, *Primeval*. Marc Platt's werewolf story actively sought to avoid horror clichés, and to a point, so does Lock's music, which can be a bit fussy and delicate. More to my taste is when he plays against the story's future Brazil and desert setting, and draws instead on chief werewolf Stubbe's great age, lending him a zither theme that suits his 16th century origins. Saying that, the best track – *Stubbe's Dance* – is an effective combination of both styles. Lock favours shortish tracks with definite themes, whilst Darlington's are longer and more ambient – *Sand*, at five-and-a-half minutes, ebbs and flows without going anywhere in particular. *Egypt*, however, is on his side, Darlington successfully pursuing a sense of dryness and heat. His track titles are fun too, particularly the Donald Tosh-ish *You can't say Pharaoh than that*.

Russell Stone also goes for ambience. He singles out a couple of pieces as "meditative", and a fair few more would come under that description. Stone decides against emulating Roger Limb's score for *The Keeper of Traken*. Not so Alistair Lock, switching to the Sixth Doctor disc where, for the Silurian story *Blood Tide*, he positively embraces the sounds and feel of the Pertwee original. It's not all Tristram Cary, however – the score has areas of its own to cover, including *The Adult Myrka*, to whom Lock lends some unexpected majesty. *Project: Twilight* receives just four tracks, due, it seems, to composer Jim Mortimer editing his work into longer suites, the last weighing in at nine minutes. Mortimer's sleeve-notes – which credit the 'Metasynth' crescendos to Jane Elphinstone – babble about sound technology that, to me, makes as much sense as the language of *Logopolis*. His score, though, poignantly captures the eternity of a vampire's lifetime.

Alistair Lock's *The One Doctor* defies any serious criticism– except, perhaps, that it tries to pastiche too many things rather than find a comic identity of its own. However, none of it would sound too out of place in one of Disney/Pixar's animated offerings, which I would count as high praise indeed.

VANESSA BISHOP

IT'S THE END, BUT...

BY **THE WATCHER**

Readers with long sleeves and short trousers may, like me, have frittered away a considerable amount of their recent leisure time in the company of that deliciously goodie-packed and bewilderingly rubber-clad offering, the *Resurrection of the Daleks* DVD. Of the manifold delights afforded by this latest remastered romp through the archives, the highlight is surely the opportunity to view in unforgiving digital detail one of the most triumphantly silly of all *Doctor Who* stories. And I mean that in a nice way: I come not to bury *Resurrection of the Daleks*, but to laugh at it. And with it, of course. But mainly at it.

It seems quite remarkable now, but back in 1984 *Resurrection* was hailed by the majority of fans as a triumphant return to form for the Doctor's arch-enemies after the lazy plotting and sloppy production values of its predecessor, *Destiny of the Daleks*. Looking at both stories now, it must be obvious to anyone with an ounce of sanity that we got it the wrong way round. Certainly *Destiny* has its problems: there are the wobbly vacuum-formed dummy Daleks wavering their uncertain way on tottering feet between the sand dunes of Skaro, not to mention the extras who, when shot, clutch the wrong parts of their bodies before carefully sitting down and expiring in painless comfort. (Grabbing a completely different body-part from the one struck by the video effect a second earlier – or sometimes, even more disastrously, a second later – is a classic Season Seventeen mishap, the best example being Della in *Nightmare of Eden*.) But before we get irrevocably caught up in the traditional fan pastime of Season Seventeen-bashing – the *Doctor Who* equivalent of fox-hunting, and about as defensible – let's take another look at *Resurrection*.

"RESURRECTION'S DIALOGUE IS WRITTEN IN FLUENT SAWARDESE!"

The rag-bag of Daleks on display here are every bit as bashed-up as their *Destiny* counterparts, what with their chipped casings and bits of moulding-rod still attached to their wobbly domes. And they squawk like hysterical chickens. But it's not the Daleks that are the real problem with *Resurrection* – it's the plot. Or rather it's the fact that, in more ways than one, the plot has been completely lost. Any story that can tie itself in such incomprehensible knots about time corridors (why Earth, why 1984?), duplicates (who exactly are those escapees at the beginning? Why does Dalek agent Stien maintain his fraudulent cowardly performance even when left alone in Part One?), assassinations on Gallifrey (since when did Davros know so much about the Time Lords anyway?), and yet can still fritter away half an episode on a low-rent warehouse remake of the bug-hunt in *Alien*, complete with a blatant rip-off of Ridley Scott's famous cat gag, is surely in need of a second draft. By comparison, the entertaining and intriguing "scissors cut paper" plot of *Destiny of the Daleks* is a haven of elegant scriptwriting.

It goes without saying that *Resurrection*'s dialogue is written in fluent Sawardese: hapless actors are called upon to deliver incredible lines like "You fear an attack?", or "So what, I'd rather die quickly than painfully of dehydration!", or "Your bile would be better directed against the enemy!", or "Hide your eyes if it offends you!" And ironically for a story so stuffed with past references, *Resurrection* doesn't even get its basic continuity right. "Fascinating!" croons Davros when told of the deadlock that stalled the Movellan War. "If only I had been there!" You were, love. You were. Only you looked better and you didn't shout as much.

I could go on. In fact, what the heck, I will go on. Although highly praised at the time for its production values, by contemporary standards *Resurrection* suffers a higher than usual quota of fluffed lines: for some reason everyone looks alarmingly under-rehearsed. Rula Lenska says something about "cool spring mountain water" when she obviously means "cool mountain spring water" – but then again, you can hardly blame her for seeming a trifle bored by the whole affair. What a criminal waste of a talented guest star: her character barely meets the Daleks, and never meets the Doctor, and is even gunned down before, not after, the deaths of her motley band of nameless crewmembers. Now that's just straightforward bad grammar: she ought to be the last one to hit the deck in that scene, still reaching desperately for the self-destruct button – I mean, come on chaps, get a grip! Meanwhile Maurice Colbourne delivers the classic line "There are still members of the crew still at large." What, still? Incidentally, the dreaded Lytton meets the Fifth Doctor in just one fleeting scene, in which he isn't named and in which his only act is to save our hero from imminent extermination by the Daleks – and yet, upon hearing Lytton's name a year later in *Attack of the Cybermen*, the Doctor unaccountably describes him as "The sort of man who might shoot his mother just to keep his trigger-finger supple." Good to see that the author's attention to continuity is as consistent as his devotion to naturalistic dialogue.

And I may be in a minority of one here, but Season Seventeen's endearingly inept clutch-the-stomach-and-sit-down-like-an-old-lady method of dying (obligingly revisited here in what Matthew Robinson optimistically refers to as "the famous death" of the tramp at Shad Thames) is surely far preferable to the favoured Season Twenty-One expiration technique, which is to yodel with glorious abandon for a unfeasible period of time while writhing and flailing like Iggy Pop in concert. This is witnessed to fine effect in a hilarious batch of Myrka-sponsored demises in *Warriors of the Deep*, but the peerless bucket-kicking of Colonel Archer and his fellow duplicates towards the end of *Resurrection* takes the chocolate hobnob. If, like me, you're old enough to remember Chris Tarrant egging the *Tiswas* audience into performing "the dying fly" on a regular basis, you'll find it quite impossible to take his scene remotely seriously.

Now don't get me wrong. I love *Resurrection of the Daleks*. Truly, I do. I just don't like it much, that's all. And so, to quote a finer philosopher than I'll ever be: I must be cruel only to be kind / This bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Like *Planet of Fire*, for instance. **DWM**

THE FINAL TEST

WHAT CONNECTS:

1 Irongron, Stor, Till, Thawn, and Dojjen?
2 *The Curse of Peladon*, *The Monster of Peladon* and *Robot*?
3 Dako, Travers, a Clockwork Soldier, a Child, a Cyberman?
4 The Minotaur, Harry Sullivan, the Rutans, Rassilon, the Black Guardian [pictured], and HG Wells?
5 *The Moonbase*, *The Invisible Enemy* and *The Power of Kroll*?
6 Sutekh, Keeler, Reuben, Duggan, and Tyheer?

ANSWERS FROM ISSUE 326:

1 Each pair was filmed at the same location: Harrison's Rocks (*The Mind Robber* and *Castrovalva*); Camber Sands (*The Chase* and *The Trial of a Time Lord*); Betchworth Quarry (*Genesis of the Daleks* and *The Deadly Assassin*).
2 They are the only instances in which the title of the story is also the name (or title) of a character in that story.
3 The actors who played them (Derek Pollitt, Denis Carey, James Coombes, and James Muir) all appeared in the aborted original BBC production of *Shada*.
4 The actors who played them (Hannah Gordon, Lalla Ward, John Leeson, Barnaby Edwards) all appear in the new BBCi/Big Finish production of *Shada*!
5 They are the only stories which give an on-screen credit to more than one director.
6 Thara (*The Krotons*); Thera (*The Time Monster*); Thira (*Shada*).

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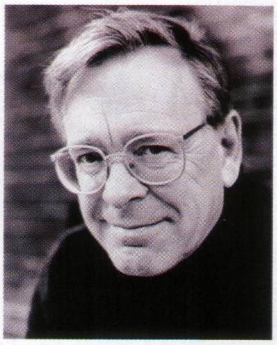

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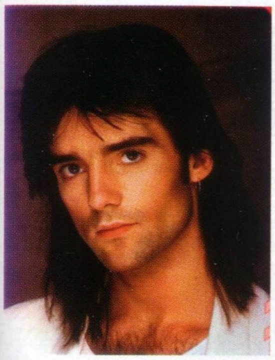

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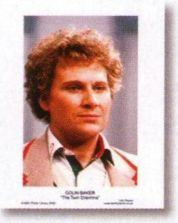

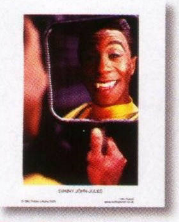

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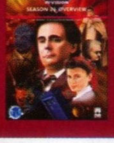

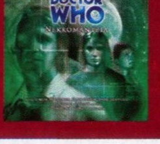

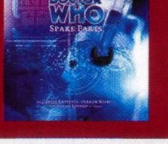

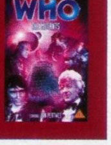

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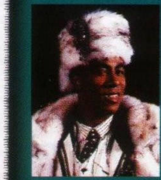

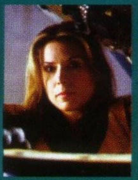

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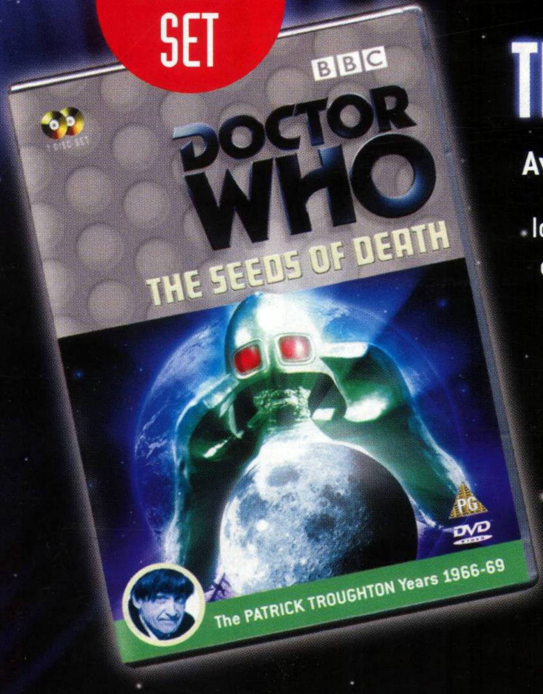
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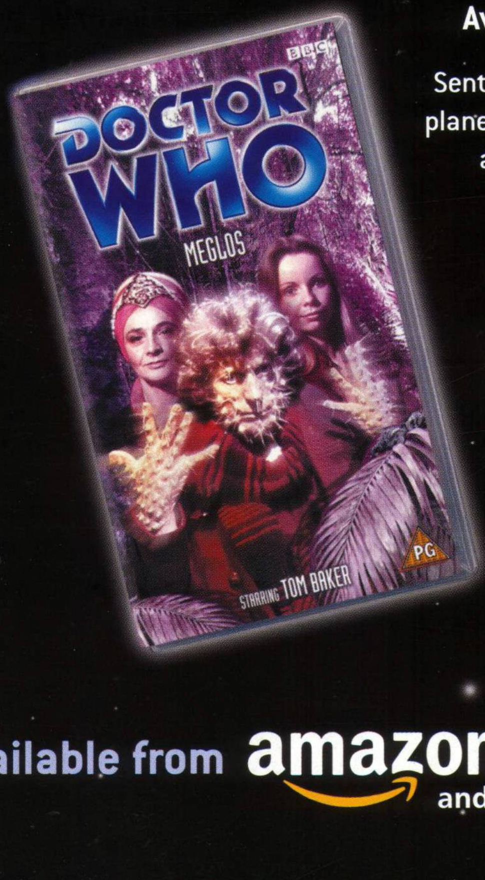
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